

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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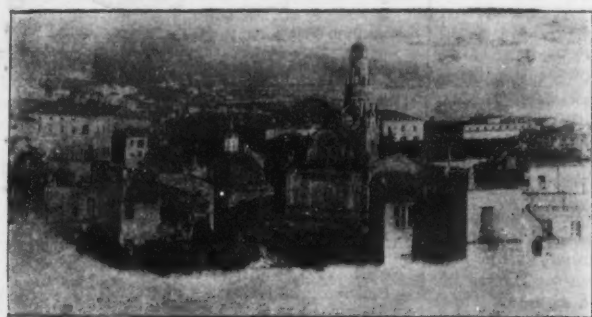
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Whole No. 221

## The Riviera--No. 3.

All the really and truly fashionable world goes to the Riviera and as there is no law to prevent the curious and the unfashionable from doing likewise, Mrs. Don and myself set out one rainy evening from influenza-stricken Genoa to see what fools these eminently fashionable mortals be and how and where



MENTONE.

they live in their gay winter season. As I did not know just what the Riviera was and as a few of my readers may have been as careless and ill-informed as myself concerning this fashionable resort, I shall append a foot note from Baedeker\* to supplement my own remarks. The Riviera, according to the maps, stretches along the Mediterranean from Nice to Pisa. The French portion of it lies between Nice and Ventimiglia, on the Italian border; the Riviera Levante between Genoa and Pisa is least frequented, that portion between San Remo and Nice being the most popular.

Expecting to see the scenery, which is really grand, on my return trip, I went to sleep and woke up at San Remo about eleven o'clock. A porter carried the family valise to the Hotel Royal which had been described as desirable and near to the railway station. It was near enough but the road wound through a great unlighted and terraced garden and went up a steep hill which was mighty hard to climb. The porter rang the bell, for the door of the large house was shut and the windows dark, and we stood humbly without, wondering if we were committing an impropriety by calling at such a fashionable tavern at so late an hour. A frowny porter finally permitted us to enter. I attempted to converse with him in English with regard to some amicable arrangement for a room and had gone so far as to even intimate that if the terms were easy for spot cash we might be induced to invest in breakfast for two, before I was made aware that he did not understand a word I had said. Then I sprang that lame but cheerful Spanish of mine on him. It had gone all right in Genoa and on the train but it was no good in San Remo. Our attitude of sad expectancy, coupled with a bulging valise and the lateness of the hour, at last suggested to him that we had not merely called to inquire about the health of the proprietor and he left us standing in the hall while he awoke a still more frowny young man who in a whisper told us to follow him. Up one flight of handsome stairs into a long hall, carpeted ankle deep, we went followed by the imbecile with the valise. A green baize door was noiselessly opened, another door swung back, two tall candles were lighted and we were told that that was our room. We had guessed it by that time but it was comforting to know that there could be no mistake. I whispered to the young man that a biscuit or bun or a banana or a bottle of beer or a sausage or all of them or anything would be welcome after a long journey. He said it was very late but he would try. A bottle of beer and some wafers were the result, and judging from the time he was gone and the size of the item on the bill next morning, they must have been hard to find. It was a queer experience for eleven o'clock at night, but San Remo is a place for

city is an exceedingly picturesque and healthy one. Its seventeen thousand people are crowded into the twenty-seven large hotels, the innumerable pensions, the elegant villas and the tall, old-fashioned houses which keep the sun from shining into the narrow streets of the quaint town. The mountain roads are lovely, and if I were to winter on the Riviera I should stay in San Remo or at Mentone, not far away but across the French line.

Mentone is as pretty as the enchanted city in a fairy tale. Like nearly all the watering places along the Riviera its charming villas, grand hotels and almost palatial pensions cluster at the base of the mountains, climb up to bold heights and curve about the blue waters of a quiet bay. Its clean streets are bright with shops, and if I had had money enough to stand it I would have liked to put in a month of real rest in that soft air blessed with such lovely views of mountain, sea and queer old houses that look with comfortable welcome at the stranger, even from the back alleys. As it was we stayed four hours, saw all there was to be seen from the outside, including the house where Queen Victoria lived in this her favorite winter resort, and then moved on to Monte Carlo, where we dined in Hotel des Anglais. I mention this hotel because it is exceedingly comfortable, and unless the guest behaves himself with great modesty the clerks

guarded by nightly coverings from the frost, are exceedingly fine. The Casino itself is a beautiful piece of architecture and inside is adorned with frescoes, paintings and statuary by some of the best artists. The gambling hall, one of which, where roulette is played, is shown in the photograph on this page, are commodious and fitted up regardless of expense or results. No fee is charged to get in, and it is fortunate for some of those who try their luck that they can get out on the same easy conditions, or some of them would have to stay in. The only formality before entering is to put up your umbrella, present your visiting card to a clerk in the office and receive a ticket of admission good for one day. I suppose it is necessary to have some means of identifying those who go broke and crazy and in despair shoot themselves out in the grounds. It happens not infrequently, and occasions scandal. The managers try to persuade people not to commit suicide, and they have been known to give unfortunates from fifty to one hundred pounds to take them home rather than have their corpses to take care of. Indeed, it is said that smart fellows have worked the "threatened suicide" act in order to get a new stake, and have fooled these clever gamblers to their intense disgust.

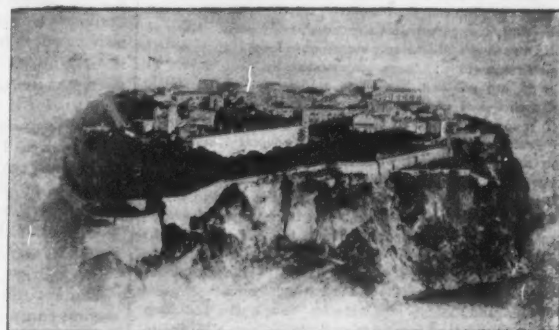
I do not understand the game of roulette and it is quite expensive to learn it by experience. The table is divided into thirty-five or forty numbered squares, and one side of the table is red and one black. The stakes, none less than one dollar at the cheapest table, are placed either on the sides where betting is even or on the squares where, if you win, you get thirty-five times as much as you put up. A little ball is spun around a place like a basin in the center

purse—the money he had put away, not to be risked. That, too, melted inside of five minutes. He sat still for a moment and then fished out of a back pocket a solitary gold piece, the last of that bright band he had brought with him. The croupier raked it off. His face flushed, then paled, and rising from the table he left the room, I'm willing to bet, without a sou in his clothes. Resolutions and reserve purses are no good in a gambling room like that of Monte Carlo, and I know of no place where a good resolution will stand so little pressure.

Wandering into another room, we found another game quite as well patronized as roulette. "Thirty and Forty" I think they call it. Baccarat, I imagine, is not unlike it, but I am not posted on the technicalities of gambling, and could find no one to tell me about it. The only way is to sit right in with the rest or else stay away. From such sights as those at Monte Carlo I am firmly convinced it is wisest to stay away. If I were passing that whirlpool of chance and sorrow to-morrow or a year from now I should not get off the train, I've had enough.

Next day was Sunday, but the gambling went on just the same. Gifted men and well born women, young and old, bad and worse, innocent and case-hardened, slight seers and gamblers crowded the gilded halls, and the croupiers paid out gold and raked it in just as

it costs six dollars and six hours to go that way and consequently I preferred the train. Nice is a handsome and well kept city, considerably cheaper to live in than Mentone or Monte Carlo but expensive enough, so American residents told me. It has sixty-five or seventy thousand inhabitants and no effort is spared to make it attractive to strangers. Gambling, though not carried on so openly, is

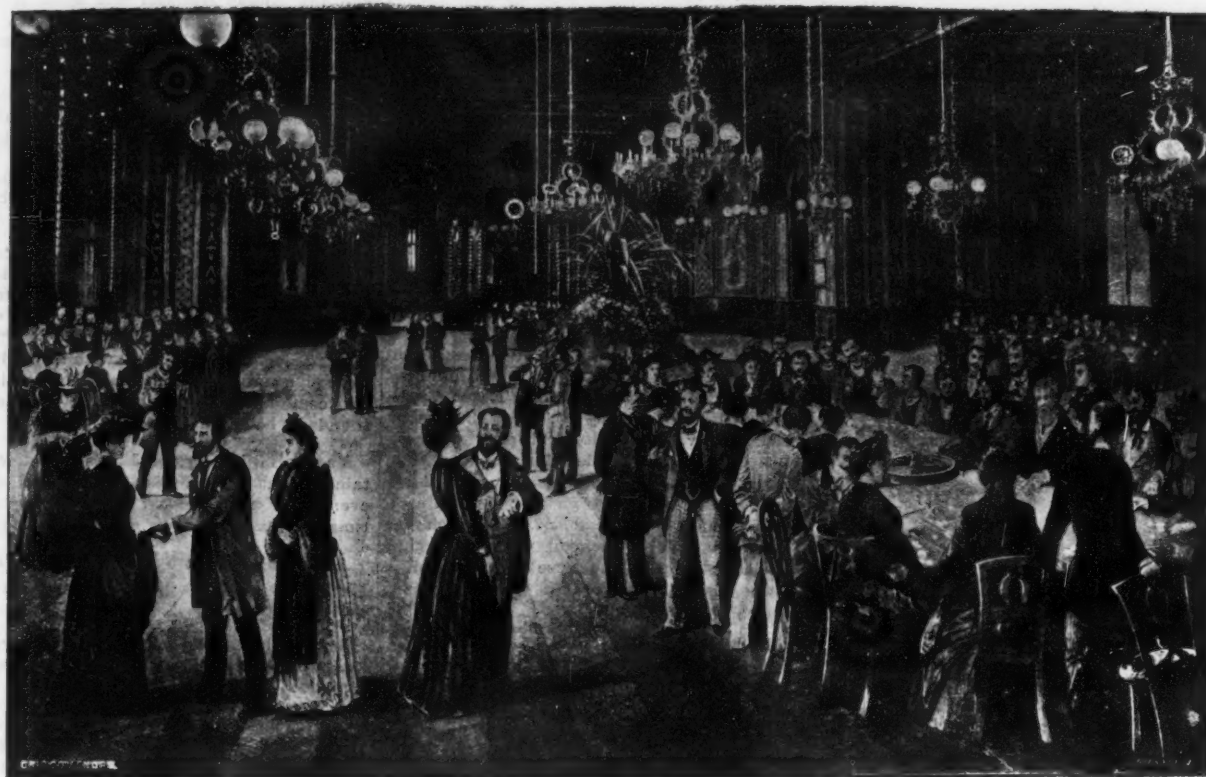


MONACO.

one of the curses of the place. The streets are clean, the hotels good, the theater immense, and the shops particularly lovely. The number of strangers who live in Nice is very large and apparently the ladies all patronize the dress-makers, for there are whole streets of them and the windows are filled with beautiful gowns. Nice, however, doesn't wear. I know of no French city that does. Even Paris falls after a week or so unless one plunges into the vortex of its dissipation or isolates oneself from it by earnest study or artistic devotion. Nice is a miniature Paris. Every year it is becoming more of a Brussels, more of a winter photograph of the French capital. At the Grand Hotel one hundred and thirty of us sat down to the table d'hôte on Sunday evening, three long lines of people who did not care for one another or for anybody except themselves and their near kin. It was not a gay scene nor a merry one for me; I do not care for parade when I am hungry; like the boy at the charity dinner, what I want is "vittals." We were not badly fed but table d'hôte is not my style. Give me a little place by myself or with room enough for those I like, and poor fare is more welcome than a dozen courses with long waits between and the sad thought that one has bought more than can be consumed without gout on the morrow.

Mrs. Don and I had an enjoyable day staring into shop windows and exploring the charming promenades of Nice. We thought we would like to winter there at first but the notion wore out. Nice is growing too gay, it is too fast. Enjoyable it certainly is, but only for a short time. German watering-places are tenfold better organized; Italian cities are not dearer nor sunnier but they lack that indescribable something which taints the air with its conspicuous immorality.

We had a queer experience with trains at Nice. I took elaborate pains to find out when we could leave on a fast express and 5.06 p.m. was given as the last and best. The bill was paid, including bus hire, and we went to the station but the agent would not sell a ticket for Genoa; no train till 12.40, midnight. Back again to the hotel, red-hot we went, but the concierge and manager both insisted that there was a train at that hour and the hotel was not to blame. I was almost bulldozed into the belief that the railway official was wrong and suffered myself to be persuaded into going in the morning at six something, as the night train was slow and stayed three hours at Ventimiglia. By and by a waiter came into our room and explained that we had been sold; there was no train at 5.06 and we had been held "to make business." Moreover, the night train at 12.40 was fast and stayed less than an hour at Ventimiglia! He offered to get our



Gambling.

will size him up as having money to sell and make his bill as big as a mortgage on a railroad. The people who live in Monte Carlo are on the make. Gambling being the chief industry, minor enterprises, such as hotel keeping, are conducted on much the same system. I had been told that Monte Carlo was expensive and intended to confide in the landlord that I only wanted to stay there about twenty dollars' worth, but he was so polite and seemed so anxious to make us comfortable, no matter at what personal sacrifice of his own, that I simply murmured something about not wanting a very expensive room and let him do the rest. I was in hopes, however, that he might notice the battered valise, decorated all over with the gay show cards of hotels, transfer companies, steamers and railways from Toronto to San Remo, and the fragments of two umbrellas which I had broken and then stuffed under the satchel straps. Subsequent developments indicated that he must have ignored all these evidences of hard times and frugality, or else if we had had any large baggage our railway trip must have come to an abrupt end at Monte Carlo, to be followed by a walking tour to a cheaper town to wait for a "remittance from home." We were glad to hear that there are hotels in Monte Carlo still dearer, yet I cannot say that any of them are higher than a swell house in a fashionable American watering place, if any caution or skill be shown in ordering extras.

About eight o'clock we visited the Casino. It stands in smallish grounds—there isn't much room in the little sea-and-mountain-girt valley and upland point in which, and on which, Monte Carlo stands—but the foliage and flowers,

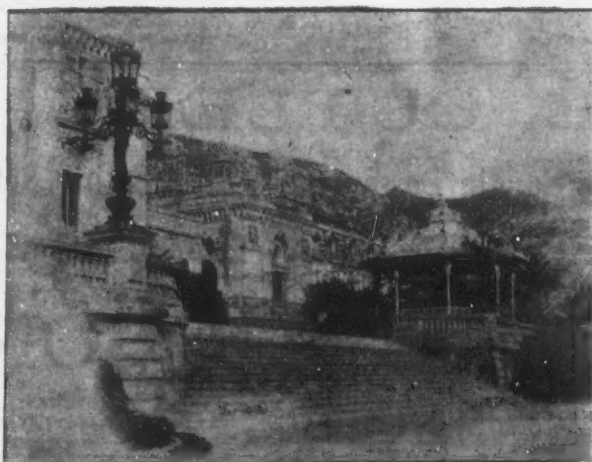
of the table, and this is lined with numbers and two colors to match those on the table. If it stops at "17 red," the one who has his pile on the square numbered 17 wins thirty-five times his stake, and the red side of the board also wins. This is not very exact, as there are all kinds of splits in betting, but it gives a sufficient idea of the game. There were about a dozen of these roulette tables all going at once, with seats around them for two dozen people; not a chair was vacant, and crowds stood behind the sitters two and three deep, watching the play and occasionally risking five francs or as many Napoleons. The intensity of some of the gamblers is painful, the nonchalance of others equally extraordinary. Some of the amateurs got struck all of a heap when they lost fifteen or twenty dollars; others lost a thousand without seeming to think that their fun was a bit too expensive.

Talk about boys and young men striking the pace that kills and going to ruin at Monte Carlo—old women are the worst gamblers in the place and young ones come next. Their stakes as a rule are not very high, but they stay with the game all day and all night till the doors are closed. Gambling, no doubt, is wicked and foolish at best, but to see women at it, sitting hour after hour with a card in front of them marking their winnings and losses, and playing on a system which might be good enough to keep them from "going broke" as quickly as a plunger might, but not good enough to keep them from the final ruin which comes to everyone who sticks to the game, is sickening to me. Men may have no right to expect better things of women than from their fellow men, but they do all the same, and it makes us sorry for the weaker sex when we see them doing systematically the naughty things we may try to excuse ourselves for attempting once in a while as an educational experiment. Once a gambler makes a little money, he or she is sure to tempt Fortune some more, and loses. One young fellow won a great pile of gold while I was watching him. He had a "system" and kept on playing till every franc was gone. Then he tackled what was evidently his reserve

if there were no God and no Sunday. In the theater of the Casino a great orchestra of nearly forty instruments gave a symphony concert, admission to which was free. I am not a strict Sabbatarian, but I didn't like it. Every nation in Europe has abolished gambling as it is carried on in Monte Carlo, and as it was once carried on in Baden Baden, Wiesbaden and half a dozen other places not many years ago. The pretty state of Monaco, in which Monte Carlo is situated, has only 53 square miles of territory, and belongs to a princeling who makes great wealth out of the gambling which he permits in his small domain.

Monaco is little and wicked, but it claims to be the most fashionable place in Europe, and the women who frequent it are the best dressed in the world. It is even said that Monte Carlo and Nice set the styles for Paris. This feature I admired, for what in nature or art can excite greater admiration than a beautifully dressed woman. The toilettes were superb, but the faces, though fair, were not sweet nor good, and what is a gay gown worth to a woman who has lost the charm of pure womanliness? I include in the pictures I send one of the city of Monaco, separated partially from Monte Carlo by a narrow bay. It stands high on a rocky promontory and is wonderfully picturesque. I left Monte Carlo with the settled conviction that while it is possible to beat the game in the Casino for a few rounds, no one can invent a scheme for getting ahead of the hotels. One might do it by fobbing the spoons, but even in Monaco that is considered dishonest as well as dangerous.

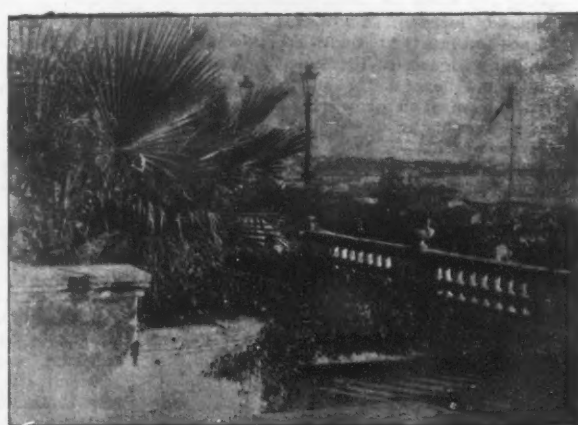
The ride to Nice was delightful even on the train. It takes but forty minutes and forty cents. There is a beautiful carriage road, but



THE CASINO, MONTE CARLO.

invalids and I suppose if a lodger sneezed above his breath or otherwise disturbed the quiet of Hotel Royal he would be instantly ejected, for it is well ordered and there is nothing frowny about its servants in daylight.

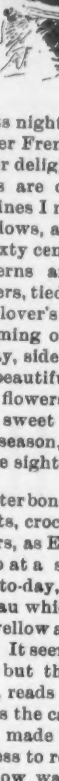
Next morning was gloriously bright and we discovered our hotel, its garden and the view over the sea to have been worth coming to see. San Remo—celebrated among other things as the place where Germany's well loved Fritz suffered so bravely while the doctors were quarrelling as to what was the matter with his throat—though not a large



THE TERRACE, MONTE CARLO.

second bill and I was anxious to see it. It charged us with everything except meals and petty larceny. He advised us to take the night train and we would escape room rent and everything but the candles. Thus for three francs of a tip I managed to skip a bill of seven francs that amount. I suppose he makes money giving the house away on its petty swindle, but the hotel must be hard up to try to hold its guests on such a scheme. I told the manager he ought to be a lion-tamer; a man with so much nerve is wasting his time keeping hotel. The night ride back to Genoa was not unbroken or altogether pleasant but we found the





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## The Rage for Rags



SO CALLED a cynical and slightly *passee* lady, the present style of material in evening dress goods. Certainly chiffon is the French for rag, but anything more suggestive of rags than a chiffon dress in its pristine loveliness could hardly be conceived. However, the "rag" has had its day,

or its night rather, and by next season some clever French *modiste* will bring forward some other delightful fabric. The newest importations are decidedly pretty—those fair French delaines I mean, which one sees in all the shop windows, and which range in price from thirty to sixty cents the yard. Very chic and stylish patterns are the delicate wreaths of tiny flowers, tied together with the coque-tish little true-lover's knot of narrow ribbons. I saw a charming one in a Yonge street window yesterday, side by side with an even more dainty and beautiful design, of a bunch of faint-tinted wild flowers just falling apart. I can fancy some sweet girl in one of those dainty gowns next season, and I am feasting my imagination on the sight in store for me.

Easter bonnets will be largely mauve trimmed. Violets, crocuses and snowdrops are favorite flowers, as Easter comes early this year. I had a peep at a spring costume, of biscuit-colored serge-to-day, trimmed with bronze velvet. The chapeau which goes with it is of bronze straw, with yellow and purple crocuses and bronze ribbons. It seemed rather early to select an Easter dress, but the wise woman takes time by the bangle, reads up her fashion books, and just as soon as the cases are open buys her gown and has it made while the dressmakers are slack. Needless to remark, the hat I described to you just now was a "picture hat" in the literal sense of the word, for it was only a picture, but the hats were coming and will soon be here.

The beautiful, artistic and economical princess dress has the floor. A pretty model is ever so slightly draped in two tiny pleats back of either hip. It buttons a little double-breasted to an inch below the waist line, then the front lies over in a flap and is again buttoned on the side for ten or twelve inches further down, which provides enough placquet and waist room to get in and out. The sleeves are buttoned upon the inner seam nearly to the elbow, and above that the goods is folded and draped voluminously. The pearl buttons which decorated the light gray tweed model which I am quoting, were rather costly, running as high as \$1.50 and \$2.00 the dozen.

Raised cords of black stripe the fine wools of light color and lightest weight in a most effective way. New Bedford cords, not too heavy for spring wear, are wrought all over with tiny spots of silk, or else they have fine lines of silk in hair stripes, sometimes of black, sometimes of a darker shade than the surface. Still other cords have ribbon stripes, bow-knots, and flower-baskets woven on their surface, the whole in monotone. A new material of which modistes think highly is wool bengaline, shot or changeable in colors, and sometimes watered in the large waves of moire antique. Like all bengaline, this is partly silk, yet wool prevails, as it does not in the bengalines with which we are most familiar. It comes in double fold, and is in all the favorite light shades, as green shot with gold, or brown with blue. Plain spring dresses for morning, shopping and traveling will be made of English wools and sleekly woven homespuns in checks, in stripes, and flecked as with snowflakes of very rough wool, as in the bourrettes of former years. Bold quarter-inch checks of brown, sage or blue with white or ecru are the most stylish choice, yet the small pinhead checks are shown again in these colors, with sometimes threads of red introduced to lighten them. These are being made with gored skirts trimmed up each seam with a piping fold of velvet and narrow gimp of the darkest color in the check. The corsage has a postillion back, with pointed front, double-breasted, and cut down low on a waistcoat and shirt front of white or ecru cloth, or else matching the color of the velvet.

I saw the other day some sweet dresses which were being designed for Miss Flo Washington and which were much admired at her recent yesterday. The cream *crepe de chine* gown was simple and pretty, with trimming of gold and silver passementerie. Several handsome gowns have been made for matronly wearers of that beautiful tape patterned lace which came to town during the season. This lace repays anyone who can afford the first expense of an investment, as it looks well for years.

Changeable twilled silks of contrasting colors with trellised vines, or white stripes of fluttering ribbons tied in bow knots and holding flower baskets, are being made up for summer. They have a full round waist finished by a riddle, or else a full coat skirt is gathered across the back, extending merely from side to side. Yokes, both square and round, will be made of open *point de Genes* lace, either white or ecru, or else the black *guipure* will be used. The sleeves are a large puff of the silk reaching to the elbow, with close sleeves of lace below, or with a flowing Marie Antoinette ruffle. The skirt, slightly long in the back, is of five or six breadths—usually but five—those at the back sloped at the top, while the others are straight and are gathered to a belt, massing the fulness in pleats at the back. For these thin silks a foundation skirt is required, and the pretty fancy is to make this under-skirt of very light taffeta of the palest shade in the dress silk, finishing it with pinked flounces and a *balayage*. At the foot are rows of velvet ribbon, satin, or moire, or else a gathered flounce of silk or of lace, or two rows of lace set on in chevron rows all around the skirt. The imitation *point d'Alencon* lace is the novelty for

trimming silks that have white designs. *Ecu point de Genes* is, however, the favorite, and can be had in all widths—sufficiently wide for the entire corsage, and in narrow frills for the wrists and for berthas. Black *guipure de Venise* is the effective black lace to be used over light silks for trimming black foulards that are strewn with designs in light colors.

Taffeta silks are largely imported for spring and summer dresses. They come in light blue or pink grounds, with double black stripes quite far apart, the space between dotted with black or white figures or baskets of flowers. White taffetas have satin stripes, an inch apart, of pale green with yellow, or pink with blue. Very young ladies have adopted moire antique for both semi-dress and full dress. They begin where their grandmothers left off. In the evening they wear bell-shaped demi-trained skirts of white satin-striped moire entirely without trimming. The moire corsage square and half-low in the neck, is covered with white chiffon, and has a bodice or corselet made of silver and pearl butterflies. Stripes of silver and pearl passementerie hold down the full chiffon above the corselet. The short sleeves are a full puff of chiffon over the moire fastened with a soft chiffon knot. A Watteau bow of moire is held at the back of the neck by a pearl and silver butterfly. Other white moires have narrow stripes of yellow edged with *filet* of black, or hair lines of mauve finished with pale blue stripes. Broader pink stripes are bordered with black on a white ground, and there are pink and yellow quarter-inch stripes separated by black pencilled lines.

Durable twilled silks of various kinds are revived. The satin-finished surfaces of many are of the smallest twills, while plain sarahs are woven in rather wide diagonals. Very light sarah silks of gray lilac, old blue, or pink have *petit pois* dots of the same color. New black sarahs have bunches of bright yellow buttercups, and brown sarahs are strewn with violets. Shot surfaces are exceedingly pretty in the satin sarahs, as gray shot with rose and dotted with rose, or marked with square outlines or small blocks in a very effective way.

LA MODE.

## The Convent Chimes

For Saturday Night.

They do not live their lives in vain who seek the quiet solitude,  
Fair garners of life's purer grain; and 'tho' at times their fare be rude  
They give the world some wholesome food.

'Twas eventide, the convent chimes rang from their towers gray and high  
A song methinks of olden times, of years, of pious centuries gone by  
And 'twixt each new and dying note a world of mystery seemed to float  
On waves of lulling melody.

Midnight upon the Crimean plain  
Amongst the slum'ring and the slain,  
A lonely wanderer there went  
Upon love's holy mission bent;  
The dying soldier's call she hears  
And lowly bending calms his fears,  
Pours o'er his wounds her soothing balm,  
And points him to the lowly lamb,  
To Christ on Calvary, and now  
A new light breaks upon his brow.  
He breathes again the balmy gales  
And once again 'thru' England's vales  
He wanders forth a whistling lad,  
Afar the gray cathedral sees,  
Old oaks proud waving in the breeze,  
Whilst cottage greetings make him glad.  
He revels in youth's fantasy,  
And dies rejoicing. In that hour  
There fades a lovely English flower—  
A blossom sweet from Erin's vale  
Or Oaledonia's lonelier dale.  
But she who bent the listening ear  
Hath many a treasured tale to tell,  
High in yon cloistered walls, the bell  
In muffled monotones may hear.  
Oh, do I dream those convent chimes  
Seem so like sounds of distant times  
And distant climes—nay even here  
And even now seem strangely near.

W. A. SHERWOOD.

## Making the Best of It.



Druggist Clerk—A man gave me a lead dollar in payment for a prescription I filled, and he got away before I found it out.  
Druggist—Well, send the boy down to the junk shop with it and sell it for old lead. We'll get twice the cost of the drugs out of it anyhow.

At the China Exhibition.  
"Some of these Chinese words break my heart! What does Ta-Sung mean, now?"  
"It means Great Protective. That dynasty commenced A.D. 960 and lasted 167 years."  
"Great Scott! And yet Bill McKinley thinks he invented something new!"

A Great Demand.  
If every lie told in a political campaign were nailed, iron would soon be as expensive as gold.

For the New Dictionary.  
Ingenu—What is a cold deck, Wager?  
Wager—A cold deck, my innocent, is one the gamester keeps in a nice box till you're fit to be frozen out. See?

A Literary Note.  
Publisher—Hello, old man! I haven't met you in years; in fact, not since we left school. How have you been getting along?

Visitor—I have made a cool million out of leaf lard.  
Publisher—Gee Whillikins! and I hadn't heard of it. Say, can't I induce you to write an article for my magazine on The Intellectual Decadence of Modern Europe?

## A Leap Year Incident.



"Anner Marlar, have you made many proposals of marriage yet?"  
"Not many; but the year is still young."

## Fully Converted.

Deacon Sollem (after his cuffs and collars)—My friend, are you a Christian?  
Yung Lung—Yeses. Me wantee sellee wiffee, an' mally pletty Sunday-school teachee.

## Boston's Four Hundred.

"Penelope, dear," said Mr. Funnle, "have you made up your list for the reception cards?"  
"No, Shelley—I haven't had time. It won't be much trouble though. I've written to Mr. Soudder and asked for the subscription list of the Atlantic."

## Mixed.

"What are you cutting those oysters in two for, Bridget?"  
"Shure, mom, it's meself tho't's furgot whether you tould me to dish up to each plate an oyster on half a shell or half an oyster on a shell."

## A Box Overcoat.

Funniman—Young Dudel's body has been recovered.  
"Why, I didn't know he had been drowned."  
"He has'n't. He has merely bought a new suit of clothes."

## The Place for Conversation.

"My dear," said Mrs. Chatterly to Mrs. Chitterly, "I have so much to tell you; but I can't stay now."  
"Then go with us to the opera to-morrow night," suggested Mrs. Chitterly.

## How Estimates Mount Up

Citizen—Why is it you contractors want twice as much for cleaning the streets this year as you got last year?  
Contractor—There's twice as much dirt to clean.  
"Why so?"  
"We didn't do any cleaning last year."

## She Was Willing.

Husband—My dear, we'll have to economize.  
Wife—Well, let's smoke less.

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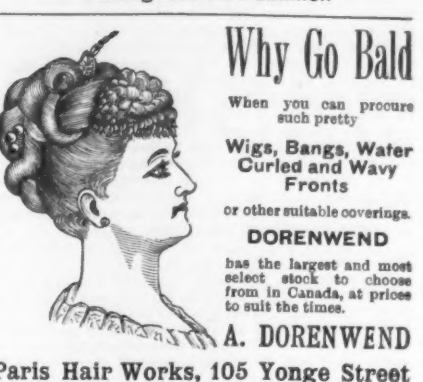
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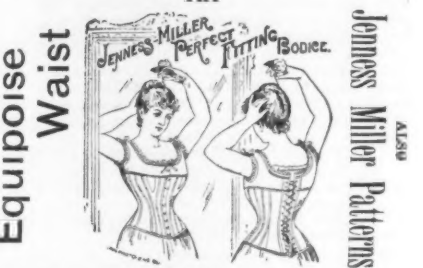
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## CONSTANCE.

By F. C. PHILIPS,

Author of "The Dean and His Daughter," "As in a Looking Glass," &amp;c., &amp;c.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

It never once occurred to Lord Hardstock that he was acting in a dastardly way towards Miss Baillie. Indeed, he would have been sorely afflicted had anyone presumed to suggest as much to him. It was purely a game of give and take, looking at it from his point of view. Emily had permitted his advances, and had not only responded to, but sought them; had deliberately laid herself out to entrap him; and if the fish objected to swallow the bait, why, the angler only had herself to thank for it.

The reader will not have guessed Lord Hardstock so far without having gauged his moral depth, and realized that his standpoint of female excellence was a very low one, and yet there was something about Constance Armitage that appealed to the better, nobler man within him, and which, had she reciprocated his attachment, might have gone far towards redeeming him.

But when a woman is wearied of a man it is but a short step to hatred and disgust, and long ago, in the old days at Greystone, his presence was irksome to her, irksome and distasteful. She asked herself sometimes why the feeling was so strong within her, for he had his good points. He was more attractive than nine out of every ten of the men she had met in society, he was clever, and he was undeniably good-looking. "But," Constance used to say, "I don't trust him; he is not sincere."

At all events he was sincere enough in his love for her, but even that failed to work in his favor, since Constance would have none of his love. With a little shock she realized that he had come very near a declaration that last afternoon, and at all hazards, he must have no such opportunity given to him again.

"He must know that I could give him but one answer," she thought to herself.

But somehow the male creature can be very obtuse on such points, and having made up his own mind to a certain course of action, his lordship felt that it only required a judicious expenditure of time and patience to attain his ends. He had displayed good deal of tact and diplomacy during the last six months, and he felt he ought to have his reward.

Arthur came home for his holidays in August, and being kind to the lad Lord Hardstock strove to ingratiate himself with his mother, but beyond expressing her thanks for the trouble he took, Constance did not appear to be in any way impressed, and the boy himself, oddly enough, despite his lordship's gifts and the many sights he took him to see, was not in the least attached to him. He had inherited his mother's keen insight into human nature, and considerably startled her one day by asking point blank:

"Why does Lord Hardstock take me about so much, mamma? I am sure he is frightfully bored the whole time, and does not enjoy it a bit."

"No, my boy, I suppose it is because he likes giving pleasure to young people."

Arthur laughed sceptically.

"I doubt it; I am certain he has no particular liking for me personally, for I overheard him saying to a friend of his that it was a confounded nuisance having to trot a young cub about, and the other man said something about him—Lord Hardstock—having turned 'bear-leader.'"

Constance colored painfully.

"You shall not go out with him again," she said quickly.

Boy-like, Arthur had fallen in love with his sister's governess. Emily's beauty had made a tremendous impression upon him, and he became her most devoted slave, and Emily, who despised no offering, however humble, at beauty's shrine, amused herself with him.

He was bright and clever, but being older than Eva he had more tact, and refrained from the outspoken remarks and ill-timed frankness that made her a child to be feared and avoided. He was now nine years old, and precocious for his years.

"Miss Baillie," he said one day, as he rested his curly head against her shoulder, "you're not very kind to Dr. Dale. I wish you would be."

Two days after Arthur left school he had managed to sprain his thumb, and Mrs. Armitage sent him round to the surgery, whereupon he then and there struck up a friendship with the doctor, and had been invited once or twice to tea.

"I hope I am always polite to everybody," returned Miss Baillie demurely.

"But he has asked you to go with me next Wednesday, and you won't go."

"No dear, I would rather not."

"You'll change your mind, and then always do—it's their provocation, I heard mamma say so."

"Don't you think you mean 'prerogative'?" slyly.

"Oh, well, yes, perhaps you are right. I can't know everything right away, anyhow. Miss Baillie, he has asked you to come on Wednesday. It's no end of a joke. We play dominoes, Miss Janet and I, and whoever wins gets a box of chocolates."

"Very exciting, I must say."

"Yes, isn't it? Then you will come."

door shut, and to compromise matters, Miss Baillie put her hand on his shoulder, and so the little cavalcade arrived at the doctor's door.

It was really a very pleasant evening. Miss Dale was either too well-bred, or she stood too much in awe of her brother, to allow her real feelings to rise to the surface, and if a trifle glacial, was evidently desirous of giving no cause of offence.

Vivian Dale was not yet cured of his fancy for the governess. His hand trembled when it touched that of Emily, and his eye rested on her hungrily. Not until just before they were taking leave did she find herself alone with him. Janet had taken Eva upstairs to tie her hat on, and Arthur was looking over a book of engravings. A spirit of coquetry seized Emily.

"Do you never think of me now?" she asked, lifting her bright eyes to his.

"You know I do. Oh! in that way, you mean? Never again. I do not dare to risk it."

She laughed merrily at a silvery trill like a child's laugh. "Nonsense. I do not believe you have any influence over me now—it has worn off by this time—take my hand in yours—I feel nothing." Her fingers closed round as she spoke, affecting him magnetically.

"In some cases I believe the power is entirely apart from contact," he said, striving hard for composure.

"Oh!" She drew her red lips together with an arch expression.

If propriety has much to answer for, contact has more, for it has slain its tens of thousands. I do not believe in a mesmeric influence without it.

She grew agitated, a thrill ran through her, against her will she lifted her eyes, impelled by a power stronger than herself.

Slowly the doctor's lips formed the one word—Emily.

In another second she would have been in his arms, unable to struggle against his mastery over her, but with a swift movement he turned away and walked deliberately out of the room.

"Why are you crying, Miss Baillie?" Arthur was at her side in dismay. She put up her hand to her face, for the tears were raining down her cheeks.

"Is it toothache?" he asked, and in a second had flown to the door. "Doctor," he cried, but the doctor put him aside.

"Drink this," he said to Emily, holding a glass to her lips.

It was so volatile, and in a few minutes she was herself again; and when Eva and Miss Dale came back to them she seemed much as usual. But at parting she overlooked the doctor's outstretched hand and, with a bend of her head, passed him. And when she found herself in the street she drew a long breath—something between a gasp and a sob.

"I will not see him again," she told herself angrily. "It is horrible that he should influence me in this way."

But despite herself her thoughts centered themselves upon him, and when she fell asleep that night she dreamed a strange dream. She was bound hand and foot, at the mercy of a monster half-beast, half-human—with the body of a lion and the features of the man she loved—Lord Hardstock.

Feeling that her last moment was at hand, she sent forth a pitiful cry for help, and on the instant Vivian Dale appeared sword in hand, and with one quick stroke, laid the monster dead at her feet. "You are mine—mine!" he whispered tenderly as he severed the cords about her wrists, and she woke, hot and panting, and for long hours tossed and turned, too restless and disquieted for sleep.

Early in September Mrs. Strangways had a serious illness. The drains were all wrong in the large street, and Rebecca was among the first to suffer.

For more than a week she was in great danger, and it was another fortnight before she was permitted to leave the house, and then she went straight to Kensington to be nursed by her sister.

Dyne had been devoted to Emily. Night and day she was by her mistress's side, and few would have suspected her of the depth of feeling she displayed.

But "still waters run deep," and under a rough exterior the old woman carried a grateful heart. Mrs. Strangways had been a kind mistress to her, and she herself was one of the good old class so fast dying out nowadays, she respected and looked up to those in a higher position, and would freely have laid down her life for her mistress. But when Mrs. Strangways began to mend her ways, she broke down. The long hours and want of exercise and fresh air had told upon her. Nature asserted herself and she took to her bed.

"The minute she can be moved she shall come to us," cried Constance, who fully appreciated the old creature's devotion.

And when Rebecca was just able to crawl downstairs, and looking very wan and the ghost of her old energetic self, lie for an hour or two on the sofa in the drawing-room, Dyne made her appearance among them, more of a shadow even than her mistress, her thin hatchet face pinched and white and her eyes set darkly in their sockets.

"You are to go straight to your own room and stop there, Dyne," said Mrs. Armitage kindly.

"Oh, ma'am, if you please, I couldn't think of it. I've come here to nurse my mistress."

"No such thing. Your share of the nursing is over. Everything is prepared for you, and for a whole week, and longer if necessary, you are to be waited upon and not stir a finger. Do you hear me, Dyne? I can be very severe when I like."

"Oh, ma'am, begging your pardon, that's what I'm sure you never couldn't be. And such kindness as this I never see in all my born days."

Dyne was on the verge of tears.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Arthur did not get the outing that he hoped for. The fact that Constance's time was taken up with the invalids, and I doubt if anybody, unless it were Miss Baillie, was sorry when the last days of his holidays came.

"It's a shame!" he grumbled. "Mother said I should go to Brighton."

"Illness is a thing no one can prevent," answered Emily. "I am sure you have been very happy at home. You forget how often Lord Hardstock took you out."

The boy was silent. Of late his lordship had not been so constant a visitor. The house was so dull and the little drawing-room so crowded that he had no chance of seeing Mrs. Armitage alone, or of saying a word that would not be overheard. Almost invariably Emily was present—a strip of needlework in hand which never advanced by so much as an inch, but which gave her an excuse for keeping her eyes downcast, and long experience had taught her that she could see more of what was going on

around her from under the long dark lashes than by reading the faces of the speakers.

That quiet figure (for unless addressed she rarely spoke) gave his lordship a creepy sort of feeling. She was like some avenging spirit, ready to pounce upon a stray word and bring the culprit to justice.

No, until the Kensington establishment had returned to its accustomed way, he felt he was better apart.

So now when Miss Baillie referred to his lordship's kindness, Arthur said nothing.

It is not every gentleman who would care to be bothered by a boy of your age, you know, Arthur. Emily was nettled.

"No, and I am wondering what his reason was," said the lad quietly.

"What should be his motive? Good gracious, Arthur, if you analyze things so closely already, what will you be by the time you are thirty? Simply objectionable!"

"I don't like Lord Hardstock."

"Then you are a most ungrateful boy."

Emily was very angry. "I should not like him to know that all his trouble has been thrown away upon you."

"I don't care a straw whether he knows it or not."

After this there was a slight cooling of Arthur's devotion. And altogether, perhaps, he was not quite so sorry as he might have been when the term commenced again.

"I want to see you. Be here at nine sharp."

So ran the little strip of paper over which Miss Baillie knitted her level brows. It was peremptory. It said as plainly as it could speak, it is for me to order and for you to obey."

And yet, because it came from Lord Hardstock she never thought of complaining. The only thing that troubled her was, how she was to get away.

Mrs. Strangways had restless nights, rarely sleeping until early morning, and Constance usually read aloud to her until half-past eight, when Miss Baillie would take her place and continue until ten, or even half past. Sometimes the invalid would doze and then wake refreshed.

Emily's voice was sweet and monotonous. It more often lulled Rebecca to sleep than her sister's clearer tones.

How was she to escape the evening's duty? "It will look strange if I ask to go out, and I have them periodically. Anyone but Mrs. Armitage would have smelt a rat long ago."

"My dear, is your throat painful?" asked Constance, as they sat down to luncheon. Emily's neck was encircled by a strip of red flannel.

"It is—I fear I am going to have a quinsy," Constance was troubled.

"You must have perfect rest," she said. "I will keep our little chat-box with me this afternoon. Upon my word, Rebecca, turning to her sister, 'I never was conscious how lamentably ignorant I was on most points, until I had Eva to question me. You would never credit the extraordinary things she says.'"

"You should do as I do," Mrs. Strangways smiled. "When she asks me, 'Auntie Becky, what is this, or what is that?' I answer, 'Gimcracks for meddlers.' It is a magnificent answer. She never asks me any more."

"I should think not. Constance was indignant. "That is no answer at all. Here are the poor children to get information if no one will take the trouble to tell them things!"

Miss Baillie kept her room and thoroughly enjoyed herself. At seven o'clock she put Eva to bed, and at half-past eight was ready, equipped for her journey. She did not reach home till long past ten, and on putting her latch-key into the door, found to her consternation that it would not turn. What in the world was she to do? There were lights in the drawing-room, so Mrs. Armitage was still up.

"I must try to chance," said Emily, as she raised the knocker and let it fall, in a half-hearted way.

In a couple of minutes steps came along the hall, and the chain was put down. The door opened a couple of inches, and Dyne's forbidding-looking face peered forth.

"Holy Virgin!" said she, and promptly shut it again. Emily could hear her pattering down the hall.

At the end of her patience she pulled the bell violently, giving a loud rat-tat-tat, at the same time.

She was left waiting outside for the best part of five minutes, and then once more the door swung open.

Emily was in the hall and running up the staircase before Dyne realized what had happened. She caught hold of her cloak and tried to stop her.

"Poor little Miss Eva!" she gasped.

"What?" A great dread seized Emily.

"That unlucky balm!" Without much circumlocution Dyne told her tale. Eva, it appeared, had either wakened up frightened or had been walking in her sleep; at all events she had fallen headlong down a flight of stairs, narrowly escaping fracturing her skull, and frightening her mother into a terrible state of fears and nervousness. Miss Baillie walked up to the nursery. On a low chair sat Mrs. Armitage with the child on her lap.

"Where have you been?" she asked sternly.

"My head ached so much. I thought the air would do me good, so I went for a walk."

"Why did you lock your door?"

"I do not care that the servants should pry about. My drawers and boxes have been re-

peatedly opened and overhauled, and I now make a point of locking my door always."

"For the future I must ask you to simply lock your drawers and boxes, and leave your door open. I consider it a very great liberty to have taken."

Never had Emily seen Mrs. Armitage so seriously displeased.

She was terribly discomposed, for his lordship had faithfully promised that in the early autumn he would redeem his promise and make her his wife, and it would anger him fearfully if she lost her position with Mrs. Armitage through her own shortcomings.

So she rallied her forces, and exhibited an anxiety about her little pupil, which was admirably feigned, for she would dearly like to have shaken her for being the cause of the present bother.

"My poor darling," she cried.

Eva looked up languidly. She lay very white and still on her mother's bosom.

"Let me take her, dear Mrs. Armitage; your arms must ache."

But Constance was not to be mollified. Emily had thrown back her cloak, and to her surprise she saw that she wore a dress cut slightly open at the neck, and had discarded the flannel wrap she had worn at luncheon.

"I am glad to see that your throat is better," she remarked. Emily colored vividly.

"I cannot think what is the matter with me," she said. "It is very strange. First my throat was swollen, and then the pain left it and went to my head. I felt almost distracted. You—you will not be angry at what has been purely accidental, I am sure? I have never neglected Eva for an instant. Indeed, I love her too well for that. But if—"

It seemed to Constance that her grief was genuine and her womanly heart was touched.

"If I have been hasty you must forgive me," she replied. "I have been so extremely anxious about my darling, that perhaps I have not made the allowances I should have done at any other time, and you will admit that it did look strange, and appearances somewhat against you; your door locked, and instead of being in bed as you had given us to understand, that you should have been out of doors."

"And yet it can all be so easily explained."

"Yes, I am ready and willing to believe that. Now I think if you will help us, we had better carry Eva into my room. I will keep her with me altogether to-night."

The child looked up gratefully into her mother's face. With an ugly cowl Emily closed the door and went off to her own room. On the landing she met Dyne.

"Can I help you to pack, miss?"

"Have you taken leave of your senses, woman? What should I want to pack for at this time of night?"

"Aren't you going then?"

"Going! Stand aside! I can't stay here talking to an old fool."

With this she stepped past Dyne, unlocked her door and barged in sharply after her.

"Wait awhile, my fine lady! We'll see which is the bigger of the two furies, by and by."

Little Eva was terribly shaken by her fall. The next morning Emily learned that Dr. Dale had been sent for immediately the accident occurred, and that he was in the house when he gave the verdict, and she felt that some sort of explanation would have to be given him.

Altogether things were not very rosy for Miss Baillie. In a becoming gown of soft fawn cashmere she received the doctor.

"All this is terrible," she cooed. "I shall feel afraid to leave the house for the future, and be worrying myself the whole time, lest anything should be going wrong."

"It is a pity that you should make such late visits, don't you think?"

The significance in his tone warned Miss Baillie that she must be judicious.

"I was not feeling well," she replied tersely, "and so went out for a walk. I am at a loss to see why Dr. Dale should make it his province to dictate to me."

"He certainly does not presume to dictate. I merely offered a suggestion."

"Thank you, I am perfectly competent to conduct my own affairs."

"Emily!"

"Oh, how funny you say that!" cried Eva from the sofa. Her eyes were fixed on her governess and the doctor, and she was drinking in every word. "Emily!" She put her head on one side, and lisped forth in the most lachrymose tone imaginable. It was impossible not to laugh, and so the ice was broken, and gradually matters assumed a more friendly aspect.

"But it was a near shave," Emily told herself. "Touch-and-go with Mrs. Armitage, and—all but—good-bye to my solitary adoration. The lesson was taken to heart. Emily paid no more evening visits to Lord Hardstock's rooms, and that gentleman was considerably alarmed when he heard of the chapter of accidents."

No, they must risk nothing more, he agreed. And so, once again poor Emily was doomed to

35 CENTS A BOTTLE

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

Oxygenized Emulsion of

PURE COD LIVER OIL

TASTELESS

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

LABORATORY, TORONTO, ONT.

## USE IT FOR

Difficulty of Breathing  
Tightness of the Chest  
Wasting Away of Flesh  
Throat Troubles  
Consumption  
Bronchitis, Weak Lungs  
Asthma, Coughs  
Catarrh, Colds



LABORATORY, TORONTO, ONT.

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## Mr. Cheesebro's Last Proposal.

(Written for Saturday Night.)

Sylvia and I had been friends for many years. That is to say, we were very friendly usually, and scowled at each other from opposite corners of the room on occasion. My friend possessed what is known as a "hasty" temper.

We were both public school teachers on small salaries. We paid our bills regularly, and had each a black silk dress for Sunday wear, which, turned in at the neck and tucked up at the sleeves, answered for evening occasions as well.

We were also old maids. It is true we had neither of us yet arrived at the dignity of gray hairs or pinched noses or reproving manners, but we had crossed the imaginary line and were too proud to attempt to conceal the fact. Sylvia, who was something of a philosopher, used to say it would be an interesting investigation to inquire into the causes which had led to the rapid increase in percentage of old maids in modern society. She was accustomed to divide them into two classes: old maids who couldn't marry, and old maids who scorned to marry. This, she was wont to say, was a comprehensive classification and she was proud to state that she herself belonged to the second class.

Add to this the fact that we were both "man-haters," and you have as we others saw us.

This is what we were ostensibly, but in reality each of us lived an inner life of thrilling and romantic interest. Sylvia was an artist, I was a poet. I have noticed that the things people leave out in taking an inventory of one's character are always the things one prizes most highly. Sylvia and I did not think the less of our talents because nobody but ourselves knew anything about them.

My friend was a true disciple of her art. We never walked out together but she talked of backgrounds and perspectives and "scumbled" skies. She admired nature because it reminded her of sketches she had seen, and when traveling she always had an excess baggage receipt on account of so many easels and stretchers and bottles of turpentine. She painted everything, from tea cups and flowers on satin, to portraits and landscapes and historical pieces. And her genius was not wholly unappreciated. Some two or three enterprising grocers had, at long intervals, purchased a picture or two to give premiums with their tea and coffee. This was some encouragement, but it did not happen often. Sylvia had learned, she said, to labor and to wait for pay.

But her reward was enviable compared with mine. There may be found people who want to buy pictures, and there are always plenty to accept them as presents; but who wants poetry? It is undesirable even as a gift, except in illuminated letters and inside a gilt frame. Sylvia was good enough to let me know she preferred my poetry to that of Miss Amelia River, but she was a friend, and public opinion did not sustain her judgment. I had no other return for my labors than the pleasures of imagination.

We lived together. We had a little flat of our own, with a coal fire in the grate and a teakettle and a tabby cat to make things homelike and comfortable. Here we lived out the life that was in us. Sylvia decorated the walls with so many of her sketches as she pleased, and I was at liberty to declaim verse at any hour. Here we took off the school mistress mask and appeared in our natural characters. Such rebels and heretics as we became! We donned fantastic gowns, we donned fantastic opinions, theological, social and political; but we were the same prim little women, with the same cut and dried conclusions regarding all things celestial and terrestrial, when we resumed our scholastic duties next day. It was our being obliged to keep so very close up to the mark during the day that necessitated this private relaxation. One must have some little wickedness in life or burst.

For some years Sylvia had had a suitor. I never heard of her having had more than the one, although she always referred to him in the plural number. He was in the wholesale grocery line and his name was Cheesebro. He was a round, plump little man with a full blown peony face and a satisfactory bank account; and his proposals had become periodic. With not more precision does the sun make his daily rounds than did Mr. Cheesebro appear at the end of every quarter to ask for Sylvia's hand. More: Rain, hail and snow, lightning and tempest were nothing to him. When the time arrived no clouds were dense enough to obscure him, and in that respect he was superior to the orb of day.

He was not a brilliant conversationalist; in fact there was something brilliant about him but his shoes. Like Sir Isaac Newton he owed his successes not to superior genius but to superior industry. Persistence was his winning card. He would sit out his calls, gazing abstractedly at Sylvia and asking her, when the silence grew oppressive, if she would like to go to have a warm dinner on Sunday, or if she considered sweet elder an intoxicating beverage. Sylvia always declared that questions of such far-reaching influence were quite beyond her simple comprehension.

We had lived in this way for about three years, when one evening during the Christmas holidays as I sat at the window of our little sitting-room, looking out into a wilderness of fast-falling snowflakes, Sylvia came in with more animation in her manner than I had seen for many a day.

"Guess the news!" she said as she took off her seal cap and shook the snowflakes out of her bangs.

"What?" I said.

Sylvia put away her wraps with great deliberation, lit the gas, poured out a cup of Orange Pekoe and carried it to the sofa before she answered.

"Why the fact is," she said, "I am commissioned to paint Mr. Cheesebro's portrait."

I was paralyzed! Was she coming round to receive that patient creature's addresses at last?

"Well," she said, giving her souvenir teaspoon a triumphant flourish in the air, "what have you got to say? I pause for a reply."

"Sylvia," I said, with as much gravity as I was capable of, "I am waiting for your explanation before expressing any opinion. What are the circumstances of this most extraordinary decision?"

"Now, Clara," said Sylvia, putting down her tea-cup and rising to clap her hands behind her back, "I understand your frame of mind perfectly. You are jealous. But I am determined not to notice it. I shall relate the circumstances of this most 'extraordinary decision,' as you call it. I encountered Mr. Cheesebro this afternoon on an up-town car. He is acquainted with the fact that I am an artist. He wants his portrait painted. He communicated the fact to me. We struck a bargain. The sittings are to begin in this room to-morrow, and Aunt Mary is coming to play dragon."

When Sylvia used such short sentences for such a long speech I always knew her temper was ruffled; and I now proceeded, by various accustomed artifices, to smooth her down. She was in the habit of remarking that she was too old a bird to be caught with chaff, but notwithstanding this, the chaff frequently served a pacific purpose. I was always relieved when she deigned to honor these drafts on her vanity, for, truth to tell, I was under Sylvia's thumb.

Sure enough, the sittings began next day. Sylvia's Aunt Mary was an elderly widow of frosty exterior. Her presence at the studio radiated art with the white light of property. At least so said Sylvia.

It would be impossible in a pen-and-ink sketch to do justice to the state of elegance in which Mr. Cheesebro appeared at that first sitting. As he alighted from a cab and carried his gorgonzola in to the studio, I realized that this was Mr. Cheesebro's supreme effort; he was playing high stakes for Sylvia's hand. He seemed to have left his bashfulness behind him and brought along a strong flavor of the shop in its

place. "Don't mention it, don't mention it," he said, as Sylvia apologized for not having the canvas prepared. "Large supply of patience always in stock at this establishment, I assure you. Though there there's really no call for it, at all."

The afternoon was spent in discussing what character Mr. Cheesebro should be painted in, as he did not wish to be represented in his own.

"You see," he explained, "this picture is intended for private circulation only, and I should wish, when released from the cares of business, to have something in the historical or allegorical way to look at—something to point a moral and adorn a tale."

Aunt Mary suggested Don Quixote mounted on Rozinante, and Mr. Cheesebro himself inclined to the idea of Patience on a Monument. Both these suggestions Sylvia rejected with all an artist's scorn for the opinions of the artistically unregenerate, and declared that she would herself take some hours in which to think over it.

"Sylvia," I said, as I thoughtfully poked the fire that night, "why don't you paint him with a row of sugar-barrels in the background and a pair of scales in his hand and a quante at the back of his head, like the Chinamen on the tea-boxes? There would be a chance there to adorn a tale if you couldn't point a moral."

"None of your stale witticisms if you please," Sylvia replied severely. "No, I have decided to represent him in the character of a Spanish grandee in capa and sombrero. I endeavor to put a little of the ideal into everything I do and will not be deterred by the jibes of a misanthropic poet. I may not be as successful as I could wish, but as Browning says:

"Fall alone in words and deeds? Why, all men strive and who succeeds?"

Sylvia was always quoting Browning. Mr. Cheesebro took kindly to the idea of the Spanish caballero, as he would have taken to any suggestion of Sylvia's making, and the sitting continued without any incident worthy of note, until in the fulness of time the portrait was finished and the day for inspection arrived. With it arrived Mr. Cheesebro in good time and high feather, but Aunt Mary failed to put in an appearance.

Sylvia had given so free a rein to that ideal imagination of hers that I had found it difficult, while watching the study grow beneath her hand, to trace any great resemblance to the original in it. Mr. Cheesebro inclining to the plump cherubim order rather than the Byronic, Sylvia had found it necessary to transform his rubicund countenance into an attenuated visage of dark and gloomy severity, and to give a downward tendency to his naturally aspiring nose. These alterations may have detracted from the value of the portrait as a portrait, but they made it highly satisfactory as a work of art.

In richness of costume, too, Sylvia had excelled herself. The result recalled to me a remark made by Sylvia's old master when she showed him two Provincial peasant boys, the work of her brush. "Mam' selle," he had said, "you have made them look like little marquises."

If Mr. Cheesebro didn't look like a marquise it was not Sylvia's fault. I had seen the complete work and delivered my commentary thereon the day before; so, pending the arrival of Aunt Mary, I left the studio to Sylvia and Mr. Cheesebro. When I returned they were standing before one of the windows, and Mr. Cheesebro had both of Sylvia's hands in his.

"Oh!" he said, as I paused in the doorway. "Come in, come in, mere matter of business, Miss Blowell, I assure you. Miss Sylvia has concluded not to do business any more at the old stand. She is going to enter into partnership with me under the firm name of Cheesebro & Co."

I turned to Sylvia for an explanation.

"Yes, Clara," she said laughingly, "the portrait did it. I wove so much of the ideal into that work of art that it would have been separating bones and marrow to part with it."

They were married, and Mrs. Cheesebro has since frequently declared that she never knew anything to equal the ingenuity of Mr. Cheesebro's last proposal.

## WESTERN CANADA LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY

The twenty-ninth annual general meeting of the Shareholders took place last week at the offices of the Company, No. 76 Church street. A number of Stockholders were present. The Hon. George W. Allan presided and Mr. Walter S. Lee, the manager, acted as secretary. The following report and financial statements were presented and adopted by the Shareholders, seconded by the Vice-President, George Gooderham, Esq.

THE TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

The Directors beg to submit to the Shareholders the twenty-ninth annual report of the Company's affairs:

The profits of the year, after deducting all charges, amount to \$177,994.69, out of which have been paid two half-yearly dividends, at the rate of 10 per cent, per annum, amounting, together with the income tax thereon, to \$152,512.54.

The Directors, being of opinion that the Contingent Fund is amply sufficient to meet all the purposes for which it was created, have appropriated the balance of profits, after payment of dividends, as follows: \$20,000 has been carried to the Reserve Fund and \$5,482 has been written off Office Premises.

The repayments on Mortgage Loans during the year have been very satisfactorily met, amounting altogether to the sum of \$1,193,422.

The abundant harvest of last year had most favorable effect, both in enabling the farmers to meet their engagements and in creating a renewed demand for land at improved prices.

The amount received by the Company during this year on debentures was \$343,843.26. The amount paid off was \$325,599.64, leaving a total at the end of the year of \$5,308,966.94.

The Balance Sheet and the Profit and Loss Account, together with the Auditors' Report, are submitted herewith.

G. W. ALLAN, President.

Financial Statement for the Year Ending 31st December, 1891.

LIABILITIES AND ASSETS.

To Shareholders.

Capital Stock.....\$1,500,000 00

Reserve Fund.....770,000 00

Contingent Account.....1,068,027 92

Dividend payable 31st January, 1892.....75,000 00

1892.....\$2,443,037 92

To the Public.

Debentures and Interest.....\$3,845,427 05

Deposits and Interest.....1,132,198 37

Amounts retained for Loans in course of completion.....39,430 61

Sundry Accounts.....410 62

Investments.....\$5,009,965 25

Office premises, Toronto and Winnipeg.....\$121,414 19

Less written out of profits.....5,482 10

Cash in Office and in Banks.....137,210 89

\$6,968,114 12

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Cost of Management, viz: Salaries, Rent, Inspection and Valuation, Office Expenses, Branch Office, Agents' Commissions, etc.....\$ 60,119 73

able amount, some \$325,599.64, paid off during the year.

"In the early part of the year more money was offered for investment than the margin allowed by the Company's Act would permit the Directors to accept, but the large amount of debentures which matured during the year, and were paid off, have enabled us to receive offers as usual, and we are now continuing to replace these paid off by debentures bearing only 4 per cent."

"The Directors feel that they are fully warranted in saying that the Company now about to enter on the 30th year of its existence stands upon a thoroughly sound and stable financial basis, and that the outlook for the future is in all respects most satisfactory and encouraging. The Company's securities continue to stand high in the favor of investors—there is no difficulty in obtaining all the money we require on the most favorable terms. Our mortgage loans are well secured, and are bearing a remunerative rate of interest, and the repayments are generally well and punctually met. Lastly the Company is well served by a most capable and efficient staff of officers under the wise and experienced direction of our able Managing Director, Mr. Lee, and I have pleasure in alluding also to the energetic conduct of our business in Manitoba by the Local Manager, Mr. Fisher."

Scrutinizers having been appointed, a ballot was taken, and the retiring Directors, the Hon. G. W. Allan, Thomas H. Lee, Esq., and David Macpherson, were re-elected. These gentlemen, with Messrs. George Gooderham, George W. Lewis, Alfred Gooderham and Walter S. Lee, constitute the full Board.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors the Hon. George W. Allan and George Gooderham, Esq., were re-elected President and Vice-President respectively.

No Wonder.

Why should it be so often repeated that it is the surest, promptest, best remedy, when doctors are surprised at its effects. Lawrence, Kan., U. S. A. George Patterson fell from a second story window, striking a fence. I found him using St. Jacobs Oil. He used it freely all over his hurts, and I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots finally disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. Neumann, M.D.

A Leading Question.

"Will you love me with all your soul?" she murmured.

"Yes, darling," he answered.

"And all your heart?"

"Yes, dearest."

"And all your —?"

"Everything, darling, everything," he interrupted.

"Pocket-book!" she continued, not noticing the interruption.

He gasped once, and all was over.

NOTICE.—"The Persian Lotion" is a medicinal preparation, transparent and limpid like water. It radically removes pimples and other eruptions, either by destroying the unhealthy skin, and the parasitic germs which produce the same or inclosing the pores of the skin, so as to prevent the minute particles of blood or purulent matter from exuding. It disperses freckles and the masque by dissolving and removing the particles of foreign matter which, when introduced into the pores of the skin, produce these blemishes. It is not the skin which undergoes a change of color, but the pores, which become filled with foreign matter which water will not dissolve, but which is removed more or less easily by the "Persian Lotion" in proportion to the age of such spots.

"In regard to office buildings the Directors consider that both here and at Winnipeg our office buildings are fully worth all that they are set down at, but it was considered desirable to reduce that item as it now stands by the sum mentioned and so strengthen it as an asset in the Company's books."

"With reference to our debentures it will be observed that there has been a very consider-

## THE VALUE OF

AYER'S Sarsaparilla as a blood medicine is recognized in the fact that hundreds of so-called blood-purifiers are constantly appearing in the

market. That these preparations are NOT so good as AYER'S is well-known to the profession. Ayer's is now and always has been the Superior Medicine for the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood. Its record of wonderful cures, during the past 50 years, is

a guarantee that it cures others and will cure you.

"Leading physicians in this city prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have sold it for eighteen years, and have the highest regard for its healing qualities."—A. L. Almond, M. D., Druggist, Liberty, Va.

"Ayer's remedies in this part of the State enjoy an enviable reputation, and although I am not in the habit of recommending proprietary medicines for indiscriminate use, yet I cannot hesitate to look favorably on such reliable standard preparations as Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills. These are really superior preparations."—O. A. Simpson, M. D., C. M., Thompson, Pa.

"My sister was afflicted with a severe case of scrofula. Our doctor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as being the best blood-purifier within his experience. We gave her this medicine, and a complete cure was the result."—Wm. O. Jenkins, Dewese, Neb.

"I recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla to my customers in preference to any other. Physicians are using it in their practice."—C. H. Lovell, Druggist, 950 Main st., Dallas, Texas.

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Has cured others, will cure you

Is better (sometimes) than a hairy one, and especially so in the case of

LADIES

NO ARSENIC IRRITATION ENOIGLEST HUMBUG

Perfectly Harmless Wonderfully Effective

Price 50 Cents

AGENTS WANTED

The Berlin Chemical Co. Berlin, Ont.

## 5c. Saved! \$1 Lost!

It is false economy saving 5 cents by buying a bar of poor soap, for that bar of poor soap will do more than a dollar's worth of damage to your clothes, by rotting them, to say nothing of the harm it does to the hands.

When you buy SUNLIGHT Soap you get the very best value. It goes farther, washes easier, saves fuel and hard work, and cannot possibly injure the clothes or skin, no matter how fine or delicate. It is real economy to use SUNLIGHT Soap.

Give it a trial. See that you get the right article, as imitators are trying to humbug the people.

LEVER BROS., LTD. - - TORONTO

Directors' Compensation..... 3,820 00

Interest on Deposits..... 44,710 91

Interest on Debentures..... 136,681 54

Net profit for year applied as follows:

Dividends and tax thereon..... \$152,512 50

Carried to Reserve Fund..... 29,000 00

Written off Office Premises Account..... 5,482 10

177,994 60

\$413,267 92

Interest on Mortgages and Debentures, Rent, etc..... \$413,267 92

\$413,267 92

WALTER S. LEE, Managing Director.

Toronto, 1st February, 1892.

To the Shareholders of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company:

GENTLEMEN,—We beg to report that we have completed the audit of the books of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company for the year ending on the 31st December, 1891, and certify that the above statements of Assets and Liabilities and Profit and Loss are correct and show the true position of the Company's affairs.

Every Mortgage and Debenture or other security (with the exception of those of the Manitoba Branch, which have been inspected and examined by a special auditor), has been compared with the books of the Company. They are correct and correspond in all respects with the schedules and ledgers. The bank balances and cash are certified as correct.

W. R. HARRIS, } Auditors.  
FRED J. MENET, }

The President then said: "In accordance with the usual custom, I rise for the purpose of moving the adoption of the Report which has just been submitted to you, and I do so with the more pleasure, because I venture to think that the statements which it contains, and which you have just heard read, of the results of the Company's operations during the past twelvemonth, are entirely satisfactory, and indicate a thoroughly sound financial position."

"The Company, like all other monetary institutions in the country, has felt the favorable effects of the magnificent crops with which the province was blessed last year, and which have enabled the borrowers among our farmers to meet payments which had fallen more or less into arrear during the previous years of deficient harvests and have also had a marked effect in the improvement which has taken place in the value of farm lands, the demand for which has steadily increased during the past year. Sales have been effected at greatly improved prices, and the Company has thus been enabled to dispose of properties which have from time to time come into its hands on favorable terms and set free the money which these represented for active and profitable employment."

"It will be observed from the statement in your hands that, instead of adding anything to the Contingent Fund this year, the Directors have carried \$20,000 to the Reserve and have written off \$5,482.10 from office buildings."

"The Directors have every reason to feel assured, from the knowledge of the position of the Company's business and affairs, that the Contingent Fund as it now stands is simply sufficient to meet any demand that is as all likely to be made upon it, and that at present there is no object in adding anything further to it, while it is desirable to strengthen our Reserve."

"In regard to office buildings the Directors consider that both here and at Winnipeg our office buildings are fully worth all that they are set down at, but it was considered desirable to reduce that item as it now stands by the sum mentioned and so strengthen it as an asset in the Company's books."

"With reference to our debentures it will be observed that there has been a very consider-

\$1000 Round Trip Suspension Bridge to Washington, D. C., on March 15, with privilege of visiting New York, via Erie and Lehigh Valley Railways.

Just a few days of recreation gives new life and courage to every person to start their work again, and we have made our rates so very low that it is just as cheap to travel as to stay at home. Reduced rates have also been arranged to all the principal cities in close proximity to Washington. Be sure and see the great horse shoe at March Chunk. On your return home you can visit Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, and it will only cost you four dollars extra to return home via New York. Train will leave Suspension Bridge at 4.40 p.m. Tickets will be on sale at Suspension Bridge. Magnificent vestibule Pullman sleepers will run through to Washington. For further particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

He Was Pleased to Have Met Him.

One of our most exclusive citizens fell out of his third story window the other day, but broke his fall by lighting on the head of a man who was putting in coal.

"I am not usually desirous of cultivating the acquaintance of the lower class," he said as he got up, "but I am pleased to have met you."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

FOR WAKEFULNESS, Hysteria and other diseases of the nervous system.

## CANCER

It seems almost incredible that a remedy has at last been discovered for curing this dreadful disease without any painful operation. But when we can refer you to hundreds of living witnesses who have been permanently cured by our wonderful and pleasant treatment you should not hesitate to tell your friends the good news. No Knife! No Plaster! No Pain! Send 6 cents in stamps for particulars, and mention this paper.

STOTT & JURY

BOWMANVILLE, Ont.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

25 CENTS

THE WONDER

of the Age

THE COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS

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WRITES CONCERNING

ALE AND

BEEF

PEPTONIZED

"I can recommend Ale and Beef as a good tonic."

Try It and be Convinced!

PRICE 25 CENTS

All enterprising Druggists keep it.

CARTER'S

LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

SICK

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable



## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

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## A Statue of Canada.



GENERAL understanding exists that the Dominion Government intends organizing a creditable display of Canadian products at the forthcoming World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1933, which proceeding will be more or less pleasing to all Canadians, with the possible exception of that excessively loyal minority which frowns on any demonstration which shall tend to show the relation between Canada and the United States to be other than one of enmity. The Canadian exhibit should be broad in its inclusiveness, and for its central feature there can be nothing more striking than a statue representation of Canada. Such a statue need not necessarily wear snow shoes nor be a pigeon-toed person of nondescript type, such as delights the American comic cartoonist. Mr. Hamilton McCarthy, the well known sculptor, a man best fitted of all Canadians to conceive and represent a work of art of high poetic quality, has proposed a design for such a statue, which has been described as follows: In his scheme, "Canada will be represented in the character of a typical Canadian maiden in all the glory and beauty of form and feature of her race. The attitude chosen by the artist shows the figure in a dignified and graceful position. With pleased and interested enquiry she gazes into the future where her destiny lies hid. Her features are radiant in the consciousness of strength to pursue her course—radiant in the faith which will sustain her in it. She contemplates her vast Dominion and the treasures which a beneficent Providence has bestowed upon it. She bears a cross in her right hand—symbol of her faith in God and in her ability to rule in righteousness. Her left hand rests upon an anchor, emblematic of her hope in her future, and upon an oar, suggestive of the maritime interests of her country. These symbols form part of a trophy which is at her feet, and which includes emblems of her varied products, suggestive of the farm, the mine, the fishery, the forest, the factory and the workshop, her merchandise, her transportation facilities and her many other industries. Disposed in graceful folds about this trophy is the British flag, indicating Canada's connection with and loyalty to that mighty empire in whose crown she is the brightest jewel. The height of this statue will not be less than nine feet; and it will be constructed of adamantite."

The good points of such an official exhibit by Canada are too numerous to canvass in a short editorial. Symbolic of the many leading features of Canada, the statue would at the same time be a surprise to the rest of the world and tend not a little to vindicate Canadians of the reproach that they as a people are grumbling and sordid without even an accompanying good quality of honesty. To be sure this latter idea is now somewhat dissipated, but a certain Walter Blackburn Harte, who may be likened to the fabled beast whose every roar was a bray, is still pouring his ignorant generalities into American ears, and Canada still suffers from the half-knowledge or no-knowledge of foreigners at large.

Of course it will take money to carry out such an enterprise, a sum running far into the thousands being required, and it is proposed that all subscribers to a fund for the construction of the statue to the extent of one hundred dollars or more, shall receive replicas of the original, not less than three feet in height, which may induce tardy ones to subscribe. The work must be got under way very soon if it is to be done at all, and it is to be hoped that fruition will crown the effort being made to spread abroad the impression more convincingly than bald facts could do it, that Canada is a land fit for decent people to live in.

TOUCHSTONE.

## The Drama.



At the Academy this week the R. D. MacLean-Marie Prescott company has been presenting two plays which savor somewhat of the "legitimate." The joint stars do work so perfect and artistic that the intelligent theatergoer cannot but wish to see them in a wider repertoire of plays more excellent than those presented. Dr. Montgomery Bird's *Spartacus* and Rider Haggard's *Cleopatra*.

*Spartacus* is a tragedy of somewhat sombre character and is well knit for a play which covers such a wide range of action, but it has little excellence for presentation because the action is practically confined to the two brothers, *Spartacus* and *Phasarius*. The story deals with the insurrection of *Spartacus*,

the subsequent quarrel between him and the hot-headed and rash *Phasarius* and the latter's desertion with the greater part of the army of *Gladitators*, the massacre by *Romans* of *Phasarius'* army, and the subsequent defeat and death of *Spartacus* and his handful of men. As befits a representation of *Gladitator* times, the play fairly reeks in blood, but many of the scenes are strikingly and naturally dramatic, and the parts of both *Spartacus* and *Phasarius* admit of fine acting. R. D. MacLean is a young southern actor, with a frame that is grand to look upon. He stands over six feet in height and is compactly built, his muscles and limbs being beautifully proportioned to his height throughout. He has the finest voice and the best trained one that I have heard for many a day, and is entirely without tricks or strides or mannerisms of any kind. It will thus be seen that his stage presence is absolutely without flaw. He knows without how to suit the action to the word, the word to the action, and I should say from what little I have seen of him that he would, when his form would allow it, do good "character" work. But of course his forte must be the heroic. No role could be better suited to his abilities than that of *Spartacus*, an adequate presentation of which calls for an actor extraordinarily rich in all stage requirements. There is a strong temptation to rant in the second and third acts of *Spartacus*, but Mr. MacLean speaks with the tongue of a rational barbarian. W. S. Hart, who plays *Phasarius*, is an actor of fair intelligence. His stage presence loses in comparison with Mr. MacLean's and his voice is not well trained. He was, however, particularly well suited in the role of *Phasarius*, who is in contrast to *Spartacus* a head long and irrational barbarian, and his impersonation left little to be desired. There is a ragged edge on his general work that does not effect this role and what might have seemed like ranting to some observers in his death scene was pertinent in the case of the wounded and crazed *Phasarius*. Marie Prescott, with the wisdom of a true artist, did not attempt to make more of the very small part of Julia than was actually in it.

The success of *Cleopatra* shows what fine acting can do for a poor play. Rider Haggard, as a novelist, differs but in degree from Frank Reid, Jr., whose tales the elevator boy delights in. There is no attempt at the study of human nature. His characters do a number of strange actions and take part in a number of scenes which are sometimes interesting and if natural, borrowed; and *Cleopatra*, the novel, is one of his worst offences. But as an exhibition of first-class artistic powers in the actors, the play, *Cleopatra*, has interest. The action is tense and the plot not clear, but the novel is familiar to many theatergoers. *Harmachis*, a descendant of the Pharaohs and rightful King of Egypt, swears to his followers to slay the usurper *Cleopatra*, and free Egypt. *Cleopatra* sees him, falls in love with his beauty, gives him a high position in her palace. He loves her and rebels against his oath to kill her; he scorns the love of his Cousin *Charmion*; *Charmion* tells *Cleopatra* of *Harmachis'* oath to kill her; the Queen comes to his chamber and then follows the trite incident of a woman's wiles as she makes love to him and steals the sacred dagger. This situation is not new, but under the spell of Miss Prescott's acting the audience was breathless. It will be remembered that Miss Prescott appeared in Toronto with the elder Salvini and that she fairly divided honors with the Italian. She is not beautiful, but she has fine eyes and a beautiful voice which, however, was in certain parts of the house difficult to hear in its finer shadings. As in the case of Mr. MacLean, there is a rare beauty and artistic finish in her gestures and all that pertains to stage presentation which might serve to educate. The play had the merit of allowing Miss Prescott to do good work, but it is not lucid, and after the scene above praised, moves on in a ridiculous manner. *Cleopatra's* death scene was powerfully done. Mr. MacLean fulfilled all the requirements of his part amply and this acting when he returns after living in a cave for sixteen years was fine, especially the care with which the voice of the man prematurely old was simulated. Miss Agnes Maynard was a conscientious worker. As was said above, it would be interesting to see the two stars in a better repertoire, although the bulk of the support could not undertake a strong play. Marie Prescott should be a magnificent Queen *Katharine* or *Lady Macbeth*.

The man who writes the advance notices for the Grand is a literary artist. The romantic story of the little song bird, *Starlight*, the idol of the Italian peasantry he told about, was beautiful in its artlessness. Some of the romance gets knocked off *Starlight* in the production, and she turns out to be a clever little song-and-dance girl who kicks up her heels to the delight of her audience, and shines in a farago of rubbish. By the way, isn't it time to ring the gong on the *Ta-ra-ra*, boom-der-ee!

During the first three nights of next week the great Pictou Stock Company will appear at the Grand. Monday night, *Geoffrey Hamlet*; Tuesday night, *A Modern Match*; Wednesday night, *Her Release*; Wednesday night, *The Last Straw* and *His First Love*. Thos. W. Keene's classic repertoire for the last half of the week is: Thursday night, *Louis XI.*; Friday night, *Richelleu*; Saturday night, *Merchant of Venice*; Saturday night, *Richard III.* The Academy has booked that greatest of farces, *The Private Secretary*, which never grows old. A good week truly.

TOUCHSTONE.

## DRAMATIC NOTES.

It seems that Messrs. Proctor and Turner, the managers of the New York Twenty-third street theater, are the people who have made an offer to Robert Mantell for next season to figure as leading man in the new stock company. They have arranged for several new plays and are organizing a company for their presentation, and the offer to Mr. Mantell came about naturally in developing their plans. The offer to the actor must be an exceedingly good one, as he has practically accepted it. He writes that he had some difficulty in canceling the engagements that he had made for himself and his present company on the road next year, but seems to have no doubt that they

will in the end be canceled successfully. The contract between him and Proctor and Turner will then be signed. Mantell's colleagues will include Jack Mason (Mr. Marion Manola), Mervyn Dallas, who played old-man parts in the Scott-Siddons Company that went on the rocks three weeks ago, John Glendinning and others. It is not known who the leading lady will be. Charlotte Behrens might have a chance, but she is not adapted for the class of plays which a stock company, to be profitable, must produce nowadays, which same may perhaps apply to Mantell, as well.

The story, by the way, that Mantell was to be the leading man of Mr. Pitou's stock company next year was only true in so far as it was true that Mr. Pitou had made Mantell an offer, first to include him in the stock company, and secondly to star him. Mr. Mantell refused both offers, because of the greater attraction residing in the offer made by the Proctor and Turner people. The separation of Mantell and Pitou was, it is said, a perfectly friendly one, Pitou not caring to have Mantell because a condition of the arrangement was that Mrs. Mantell should appear in the supporting company. As Mr. and Mrs. Mantell are now divorced, Mr. Pitou felt free to make the offer in question.

Frederick Conger, a Toronto boy, who was seen here last September in Roger la Honte at the Academy of Music under very unfavorable circumstances, is at present playing in Mr. A. M. Palmer's Alabama company, with marked success. Mr. Conger is young in the profession but shows an aptness rarely seen in one with so little experience, this being but his second season. He has already signed for next season with Mr. Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theater Stock Company, from where I hope to hear good reports of him.

It turns out that the accident to Mr. Henry Irving's son, Lawrence, was grossly exaggerated. As the story was first telegraphed, it seemed as if that young man had attempted to commit suicide, at the very least. It seems that the deadly weapon was only a toy pistol, with a bullet scarcely bigger than a pin's head. The enterprising newspaper reporter who first spread the story has since been in great demand as an agent in advance.

Sir Frederick Leighton characterizes Brandon Thomas' impersonation of a model in Weedon Grossmith's play, *A Commission*, as one of the most perfect bits of acting that he has ever seen. Both Thomas and Grossmith appeared in Rosina Vokes' company some seasons ago. F. E. Weatherly's English version of Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* was produced recently by the Carl Rosa company, at the Court Theater, Liverpool. Weatherly's work was highly praised by the local critics. Rosina Vokes has a new farce, *The Lawyer's Fee*, which she hopes to produce before long. Helen Barry and Rose Cochran are at law with each other over the "rights" to plays which they alike took from a German original without the author's permission. The assertion that Fitz James O'Brien was the author of *Rosedale*, which Lester Wallack had claimed up to his death, is susceptible of denial. Neither O'Brien nor Wallack wrote it.

The drama stands as a proof of shrewd plagiarism from a dozen various sources. The principal incidents were borrowed from an old English novel, *Lady Lee's Widowhood*, published in a monthly magazine fifty years ago. The resemblance between one of the best scenes in *Rosedale* and an event described in Bulwer Lytton's *What Will He Do With It?* is also too bald to escape detection. Julia Marlowe produced a new curtain raiser, *Rogues and Vagabonds*, in Boston on Friday night. It is by Malcolm Bell of London. F. Elliott Paget, whose starring tour in *The Last Word* closed suddenly, has been engaged by Nat Goodwin. Maude Branscombe, whose photograph was in almost every American store window a dozen years ago, is playing the Prince in *Aladdin* at a Glasgow, Scotland, theater. In a few weeks she will resume her place in the London music halls. Maggie Duggan, a burlesquer who won American fame by a high kick that has never been overtopped, is now in comic opera in England. Miss Duggan was tall and gaunt, and her legs were in keeping; but her kicking has never been paralleled for reckless abandon. When Emma Abbott's ashes were placed in the gorgeous tomb at Gloucester, Mass., last week, only seven actors witnessed the simple ceremony, and all of them were variety performers. Harry Bagge, the English actor whose reported engagement to Julia Arthur was declared premature, is going to travel in Fanny Davenport's troupe next season. Jean Mowbray, once a promising actress, is the bride of Andrew C. Wheeler (Nym Crinkle.)

Sardou, in a recent interview, says: "The world has produced nothing equally original since Shakespeare, although we have had some wonderful writers. There is little that is purely original to write about; the past is a store-house for dramatists and must be drawn from, but the new versions of older subjects must bear a certain amount of originality in their composition. The style of age changes all language, manners, customs, ideas and thoughts. Like everything else, the drama must be with the times." In short, the slogan of Sardou and his school is: "Dramatists must degenerate with the times."

## 'Varsity Chat.

It always pleases me to hear Prof. Alfred Baker, M. A., deliver an address, he has such excellent command of the English language. His lecture on Saturday last on Systems of Astronomy in the University Hall was listened to by a large audience and much appreciated.

Old Roman is stirred to the depths of his shallow soul because ladies attend lectures. He has written to the *'Varsity* on the matter, and has among other things the following to say: "We do not come to 'Varsity to learn the art of flirtation, or some other art equally nonsensical and contemptible. We do not even come to learn how to escort a skirted undergraduate to a church or a concert, as some of our men are beginning, or rather have begun, to do. We come to be ready to take our place in life as men when we shall leave its hallowed

precincts. Perhaps the men who thronged our college of old were less polished and urbane than the *jeunesse doree* we turn out to-day; but they certainly were more rugged and better equipped for life's battles than the half-educated foplings who will soon begin to graduate under the present order of things. If a few of the men are so deluded as not to see the demoralizing effects liable to ensue from the closer co-relations of the sexes, it is to be hoped the ladies, for their own position's sake, will discourage the proceedings we have alluded to. There are many other and more unkind things which I shall not ask you to publish at present, but which may be forthcoming if no improvement is made on the present modes of conduct."

This man has possibly an ideal of his own regarding college, and because he does not see any tendency towards its realization he concludes that "all things are out of joint." Poor weak creature! Does he include himself among the "half-educated foplings?" or is he "ready to take his place in life as a man?" If he is ready to step out and assert himself among men he will find that insinuations and threats are neither honorable nor becoming to a gentleman, but on the contrary they indicate that he who uses such unmanly weapons is neither to be honored, trusted nor admired. What a grand training our University affords when it enables a man to pen such sentiments as are set forth in the concluding sentence of the above quotation. It is a great gift indeed to realize that we are all honorable men. In some instances it is a miracle.

The formal opening of the School of Practical Science has been postponed. It will now take place on Wednesday evening next.

A public debate under the auspices of the Knox College Literary and Theological Society was held on the evening of last Friday week, and a splendid programme was presented. Prof. James G. Hume, M.A., Ph. D., presided. The Glee Club and the College quartette, Messrs. McKay, Hannabson, Grant and Scott, sang a number of selections in good style, and Mr. J. H. Barnett gave a reading entitled *Connor*. Mr. John R. Sinclair, B.A., in his essay on *Novels and Novel Reading*, showed that he had made good preparation for his subject. He traced the growth of the novel from the old ballad dances, and in his review of some standard novels pointed out how the novel is a work of art. The subject for debate was: Resolved, that the instruction in our schools and universities should be purely secular. Messrs. J. C. Stinson and E. L. Hunt, B.A., spoke on behalf of the affirmative, and Messrs. W. H. Grant, B.A., and H. R. Horne, B.A., for the negative. Though the subject is an old one the speakers presented their arguments in a bright and entertaining manner. The chairman summed up the arguments in a philosophical manner and decided the debate for the affirmative.

Mr. W. J. Chawett was the essayist at the meeting of the Engineering Society of the School of Practical Science on Tuesday.

A member of the faculty has written an article, not on the Greek verb, but on Tobacco. From the production I clip without comment, for that is not necessary, the following: "Perhaps the reader is a non smoker, is one who has never tasted of the joys to be found when enveloped with that elysian-like atmosphere. If so, it may not be out of place here briefly to attempt conveying to him, so far as the feeble vehicle of words can do, some inadequate idea of the pleasure derived from the use of the weed. Has he ever felt himself wearied and jaded by his work? Has he ever found himself incapable of remembering that which he is reading? Has he ever found himself, after an exceptionally good application to "good cheer" of some hospitable guest, heavy, sleepy and with what Plato (if my memory fails me not) calls a disordered stomach? If he has ever endured any or all of those feelings, let him seek the cure, or the only panacea for all such woes, a pipe. Who is there who has not found a pipe the best commentator on the speeches of Thucydides? Who has not found it the most excellent explainer of the deep philosophies of Greece? Who has not received from its fragrant rings of blue the requisite inspiration for composing in the language of Cicero? Verily the muses themselves are charmed and brought near by its clouds of incense. When called upon to pass the night in solitude, what better accompaniment to the lonely midnight lamp? In company, what better means of forging strongly the bonds of friendship? But what further need of encomium? Oh solace of solitude, oh bond of friendship, oh promoter of joy, oh remover of sorrow, may we never want thee; may we never part from thee; may we never be "broken" as to be unable to buy a "fill" for this best cure for the melancholy."

The annual meeting of the baseball club was held in the Y.M.C.A. building, on Monday, the president, Mr. S. D. Schultz, B.A., being in the chair. The secretary read the manager's report for 1931, showing that of eight games played, six were won, one lost and one drawn. Motion was carried in favor of forming a triangular collegiate league with the Michigan and Cornell universities, and the manager was requested to write to these centers of learning to see if such arrangements could be brought about, a series of two or four home and home matches to be played during May and June. Whether this league is formed or not a Cornell nine will visit Toronto in May. 'Varsity will also play the University of Niagara some time in the same month. The officers elected are: Hon. president, Prof. Alfred Baker; president, S. D. Schultz; first vice president, H. A. Wardell; second vice president, W. J. Knox; captain, J. W. McIntosh; secretary treasurer, H. E. Sampson; manager, A. N. Garrett; curator, H. A. Moore. Committee—J. R. Cote, '92; R. H. Knox, '92; W. R. P. Parker, '93; J. P. Fitzgerald, '93; R. White, '94; W. H. Pease, '94; W. Tier, '95; R. Somers, '95. The club expects to place a first-class team on the field, and with such able officers as have been chosen, and a manager as energetic as Mr. Garrett, the highest hopes should be gratified.

Prof. Ramsay Wright, M. A., B. Sc., will lecture this afternoon at three o'clock on *Coral and Coral Islands*.

At the meeting of the Y. M. C. A. last week it was announced that Mr. James S. Gale, B.A., had resigned his position as missionary in Corea.

## The 'Phones.

(A PARODY ON "THE BELLS")

Smash with sledges, all the 'phones!  
Filmy 'phones!  
What a world of tanglement the 'central' girl becometh  
When they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle  
With a saucy air of right!  
When the lines that with a crinkle  
Cross the others in a twinkling  
With a telephonic sleight  
Keeping tune, tune, tune  
With a sort of cissy croon  
To the tin-tin-tin of the busy man that groans  
At the 'phones', 'phones', 'phones', 'phones',  
'Phones', 'phones', 'phones',  
At the jumbling and the rambling of the 'phones.

Hear them 'hello'! sparkling 'phones!  
Gushing 'phones—  
What a world of harassment their harmony dethrones!  
Through the wires by day and night  
How they whisper their delight  
While the subtle 'central' votes  
The man a 'loon'!  
What a flitting flutter floats  
Past the 'central' girl that giggles while she glances  
On the 'loon'!  
Oh the gushing girl excels  
Where a gush of euphony voluminously tells  
On the 'Swells'!  
How she dwells  
On the future! How she tells  
Of the rapture that impels  
To the buying of the RING—long!!!  
Of the ring, ring, ring  
Of the ring, ring, ring, ring  
RING, RING, RING  
To the RINGING and the wedding of the BELLES.

Hear the Bearing Brokers' 'phones  
Brazen 'phones—  
What a fluctuation their quotation now intones,  
In the rattled ears of 'bears'!  
(When the 'bulls' are spreading snarls)  
Too much mystified to sell,  
They can only yell, yell  
Out of tune—  
In a clamorous appealing to the judgment of the buyer.  
Who in mad exasperation with the deaf and dumb quotation  
Leaping higher, higher, higher  
Shows a desperate desire  
And a resolute endeavor  
Now! Now to buy—or never!  
Fearing not the slow-paced 'bear'!  
Oh the Bulls, Bulls, Bulls  
How they counteract the 'pulls'  
Of the 'bear'!  
How they rant and rush and roar!  
What appealing they outpour  
On the pockets of the palpitating buyer.  
Yet the buyer fully knows  
By the twanging  
And the clanging  
How the danger ebbs and flows:  
Still he rushes in and buys  
Midst the jangling and the wrangling,  
Goaded on by 'bullish' lies  
All regardless of the swelling in the anger of the 'bears'  
Of the 'bears'  
Of the 'bears', 'bears', 'bears', 'bears',  
'Bears', 'Bears', 'Bears'!  
In the clamor and the clanging of the 'Bears'—

Hear the tolling of the 'phones!  
Bury 'phones,  
What a world of wickedness their usefulness condones!  
Even the darkness of the night  
Yields to morning's ruddy light  
By the gay hallucination of their tones;  
For everybody 'rings'  
And the rustics and the Kings  
Use the 'phones'—  
Yes the people—all the people  
Under cottage roof or steeple  
Use the 'phone'—  
Would that only that excuse,  
That most horrid, lame excuse  
"Line's in use"  
Could be banished to the—  
"Give me five three six's nine!"  
"Line's in use!"  
"Line's in use!"  
"To tricks a truce"  
"Line's in use!"  
"Line's in use!"  
"A truce to tricks"  
"Give me fourteen fifty six,"  
"Line's in use!"  
"Line's in use!" I might have known."  
"Thank you bell-tale telephone."

On those tell-tale telephones!  
Many man to lovely woman,  
Soul to Soul—"He only human"  
Oh ye 'phones!  
Are ye always taking tolls?  
Catching part of all that rolls  
From our hearts and from our souls?  
Oh telephonic bells!  
How the maiden's bosom swells  
At the tall-tale bells!  
How she struggles when she spells  
Words that spoken every time  
Sotto voce softly rhyme:  
Oh the telephonic bells!  
Sweet, sweet, bells!  
Keep us talking all the time  
To the maiden's rhythmic rhyme  
Through the throbbing 'phone wires  
'Phone wires, wires, wires  
Till her merry life expires,  
Keeping time, time, time  
As she tells, tells, tells  
All her happy rhythmic rhyme,  
Till at last ye rolling bells!  
Oh ye bells, bells, bells!  
Be but tolling, tolling, tolling,  
Oh ye bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells!  
Be but tolling, tolling, tolling, tolling bells.

G. W. GROVE.

## The Seasons of the Heart.

For Saturday Night.

There's a mystic fervor of being  
That years have failed to chill,  
And echoes of childhood gladness  
That sorrow can't still;  
Where long, long after our maytime  
Belated violets start.  
Returned by the constant sunshine  
To springtime of the heart.  
There are sighs for the oldtime daydreams  
When realized hopes are ours,  
For the promising buds of springtime  
Now blossomed to gorgeous flowers.  
We are strong in sympathy wordless,  
And weak, "were dead" to part  
From our kindly, our cruel Eden,  
The summer of the heart.

The moaning winds tell of partings:  
We pray that once again  
Loved voices may cheer us,—our answer  
A deluge of blighting rain.  
Though we would be relentless chastening,  
And seek, where we laid our dead:  
We bear of a kind reviving,  
So numbed we crave no part  
Till God's quickening love breathes springtime  
O'er winter of the heart.

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ungrammatic



## Between You and Me.



HE month never goes by without a new departure on the part of our stirring young friend, the German Emperor. He interferes, commands and forbids in every direction, and sometimes his freaks are so sensible that we can forgive a few breaks of another description. I felt quite like inviting him over here the other day, when I read about his very latest. It appears that the Berlin military society men have been putting on airs after the fashion of that swell English regiment, who announced to their kind hostesses, anxious to present them to her buds and debutantes that "the men of the—th don't dance!" The Deutscher officers held dancing "taboo" also, and the fair *fräuleins* smiled in vain on gorgeous uniforms, and had to content themselves with students and other civilians. And, you must know, that though a German student's dancing is something to be remembered and dreamed of, still an officer is usually quite as good a dancer, and a much more gorgeous-looking creature. But they would not dance—said they could not—and stood about as particularly striking wall-flowers, until they attracted the notice of the Royal Busbybody. "You must dance, and if you don't know how, you must learn!" was the authoritative mandate of the young emperor, who thereby won the grateful admiration of the fair citizens of his capital, and set all the puppets jiggling at his serene pleasure. If only we had a William in Canada now, not to make our men dance but to make them learn how! Then our lady fair would not complain of being used as a battering-ram to stop the course of some erratic prancer whose worthy performance of climbing up her train detains her to receive the shock, nor would she be compelled to paw the air by some other independent dancer who finds a delight in waving his partner's clasped hand up and down like a jig-saw, nor have her breath squeezed out or her nose flattened in a grasp that makes her think of a polar bear, all of which *contretemps* happen here, don't they? We have some charming dancers among the lot, I gratefully acknowledge, who do their best to guide us through the dangers aforesaid, but let anyone stand aside in one of our ball-rooms and note the various and widely different styles of progression affected by the dancing men of Toronto, and they will wonder, as I am sometimes fain to do, why they don't kill themselves, their partners or some of those who come in their way.

"I am having an evening dress made in mauve and black," said a pretty little matron to me one day lately. "The poor Duke of Clarence, you know!" I confessed I did not know, and begged for enlightenment. She had no explanation to offer and faintly said, "Well, don't you think it's a nice idea? Now, Lady Gay, don't twinkle your eyes like that. I know you are laughing at me!" I laughed then, for a good many funny thoughts came into my mind, but I am bound to say that this travesty of sorrow carries its own excuse, it is the most becoming gown she ever put on! It did remind me of a freak of my childhood days, when I and a little chum dressed ourselves in the weeds of the little friend's widowed grannie and earnestly wished we were widows because we looked so pretty in them! Apropos of mourning, I was awe-struck at the temerity of the English *Truth*, whose Paris correspondent criticizes the Queen's French in her answer to President Sadi-Carnot's message of condolence. There are some of my readers who are shy of committing themselves to paper in *la belle langue*, but after this they might as well take courage. If they make mistakes and are criticized they can console themselves by saying, "So does Queen Victoria!"

A married man told me the other day that he had all his letters addressed to his office because his wife thought she should have the reading and even the opening of them, and he didn't agree with her. Oh, what a wife! Not many people, perhaps, have as sensitive a feeling as I about the sacredness of a seal, I mean only as regards the parties above mentioned. When young people are first married there is apt to be an excessive gush of mutual confidence, which disregards the duty one owes to the outer world. And then, generally, the letters which come to the doves on the honeymoon are mutually interesting, congratulations, home news, and so on; that outside world where are mourners, troubled souls, anxious mortals, strife, jealousy, distrust, business plans and worldly interests, leaves the young lovers a while undisturbed. Then some day a letter comes for hubby from a business friend, of appeal of warning, of information almost too important to talk of, and hubby reads it quickly, thrusts it into his pocket-book carefully, buttons up his coat, and looking across the table sees wifey regarding him curiously. "What's in your letter?" she says in the most nonchalant way. "Oh, merely a matter of business." "Well, aren't you going to let me see it?" "No, my dear." "Oh, I thought we were always to read each other's letters?" "But this is private business, my love." "Well, we have no secrets from each other, have we?" It ends in one of two ways. She is sensible and concludes her husband has sense enough to know his own affairs, or she is silly, and pouts until he shows her the letters or leaves her in anger.

Then, sometimes hubby is not a principal, has no business interests to guard, and wifey gets a letter from a friend in trouble or from a dear boy chum who has always trusted her with his affairs, and a feeling of loyalty to the writer, or a dread of cynical criticism makes her glance over it and put it in her pocket to read at leisure and alone. It's hubby's turn now. "Got a letter?" he enquires, between his mouthfuls. "Yes, dear." "Who from?" ungrammatical and slightly imperious. Wifey

vouchsafes the local habitation and name of her correspondent. "Well, read it out loud, there's a dear," mollified but curious. "It's on private business, dear," faint but decided. "Private rubbish, what business can Jack (or Mary as the case may be) have with you? Well, aren't you going to read it?" "I would rather not," quite firm and dignified. "Just as you please, my dear, only I understood you liked to read your letters to me. Of course I don't wish to pry into any secrets, anything you prefer I should not know, but I don't see how your letter can be so very mysterious that your own husband may not see it!" The same result follows as in the former case, and should hubby and wifey be foolish about their several correspondents, hubby has his letters sent to the office and wifey, with a little feeling of regret and ill-usage, lets her correspondence lapse, and earns the low opinion of her erstwhile friends as a self-absorbed and matrimonially spoiled woman. And all because of a false idea of the duty one owes to oneself, one's friends, and one's better half. Is there anybody who reads me who knows where this shoe pinches?

LADY GAY.

## Individualities.

Mrs. Heber Newton has the reputation of being one of the few women who would never consent to have a photograph taken or a portrait painted.

At a reception recently given in Baltimore by Mrs. Robert Garrett, a novel feature of the decoration or entertainment was the sight of uncaged birds flying about the rooms open to the guests, among the palms and flowers.

The Italian Horticultural Society has awarded to Miss Jean Anstruther Thompson, a popular member of the English colony at Rome, a diploma for the drawings she exhibited at the horticultural show of flowers of France, Greece and Italy. The Italian Minister gave to her the large silver medal annually conferred for such work.

There is an Indian justice of the peace in Stockton, California. His name is Charles Light, and within a few years he has not only learned English, but taken a course in a business college, studied law, been admitted to the bar, and been elected to office. He has already gained some fame as a political orator. He is only in his thirty third year.

Of English billiard players Phelan says: "If care would win, the Englishman would never lose;" but his game is "marred by excess of caution, and numberless counts lost from the timidity which will not stretch forth its hand to grasp them." The American, as combining the peculiarities of each of these, he considers the very best of billiard players.

Madame Adam, well known as editor of the Parisian *Nouvelle Revue*, insists that the muscades that have of late years become so popular in the French capital have materially injured conversation. She intends to gather about her the thirty or forty women still in Paris who, in her opinion, can converse, and, in accordance with this design, has her cards to receptions and at homes inscribed with the words "to talk," instead of with the stereotyped "music" or "dancing."

John Russell Young says that during the war days the poet Whitman, then a poor clerk on small wages in one of the Washington departments, used to make a daily pilgrimage out Pennsylvania avenue to the camp and the hospitals. He practiced the severest economy, so that every penny he could spare might go to the sick, and he was unwearied in his devotion to the wounded, carrying to them wine and cordials, mixing medicines, and frequently sitting beside a dying man's cot through the long hours of the night.

It is apparently almost as difficult for a tradesman to gain entrance to Marlborough House, the London residence of the Prince of Wales, as it is to get within the lines of an armed camp. A narrow glass door in the right wing of the palace is reserved for such visitors, and only those having an appointment previously arranged for by the Prince's valets are admitted, while several soldiers and minor officers of the law are close about to prevent the admittance of undesirable persons. A "trade interview" with his Royal Highness is said to last about three minutes.

A curious story from Russia relates that the Grand Duke Sergius, Governor of Moscow, recently went about that city disguised as a peasant to find by personal observation whether there was any truth in the complaints of extortion made against the bakers. At one bake shop, where he insisted on buying three kopecks' worth of bread from a loaf valued at three kopecks and a half, a quarrel ensued, which resulted in the calling of the police, who ejected the pseudo-peasant without ceremony. When the Grand Duke's identity was disclosed three of the police officers concerned in the affair committed suicide.

Otto, King of Bavaria, is reported to show symptoms of breaking health. Were it true, this would be comfortable news for his attendants. He is a madman in whom the instincts of the wild beast predominate and the qualities of a human being are almost lacking. At times his behavior is that of a caged tiger. As he possesses enormous physical strength, and has, until lately at least, exhibited perfect physical strength, his attendants are exposed to great peril while his paroxysms last. The difficulties of their position are increased by the fact that they are compelled to show a certain degree of respect for their lawful king, even when in his ferocity he wants to kill them and smash the furniture.

John Ruskin's dogmatism, if his intense earnestness may be so described, is inherited. His parents are thus described by the late James Smitham in an account of a visit to Denmark hill in 1855: "His father is a fine old gentleman, who has a lot of bushy gray hair, and eyebrows sticking up all rough and knowing, with a comfortable way of coming up to you with his hands in his pockets and making you comfortable, and saying, in answer to your remark, that 'John's' prose works are pretty good. His mother is a ruddy, dignified, richly dressed old gentlewoman of seventy-five, who knows Chamounix better than Camberwell; evidently a good old lady, with the Christian Treasury tossing about on the table."

## A Glimpse at the Grand River Indians.

(By E. Pauline Johnson.)

When the Iroquois first settled in Canada after their long and stormy battles for Britain and loyal adherence to her flag through the American War of Independence, they were a wealthy people as far as real estate was concerned. At that time the Imperial grant to the Six Nations comprised the territory lying within six miles on either side of the Grand River from its source to its mouth, a tract that included the larger portion of the present counties of Wellington, Waterloo, Brant and Haldimand. That was a hundred years ago. To-day all the land that these Indians can call their own is the little corner situated along the boundary of the two last named counties, and known as the Grand River Reserve, embracing fifty-three thousand acres of uninteresting, timberless and in many places marshy land, which, however, is yearly improving under the industry of farming and the statute labor law, which is most urgently enforced by the local (native) pathmasters.

Notwithstanding the diminution of their red brethren in the North-West, statistics show that the Six Nations are on the increase, numbering as they do three thousand five hundred against three thousand three hundred ten years ago. Their numbers are augmented by a small band of Delawares and Chippawas, the total being nearly four thousand Indians, and almost without exception a self-supporting, law-abiding people. The majority are Christians, but in their very midst are five hundred pagans, clinging with all the force of a tested conviction and herculean character to the old rites, the old myths, the old customs, whose origin is too remote for the most studious Indianologist to discover. Most of these pagans are Onondagas, that splendid tribe whose aristocracy was exclusive and ancient even in the middle of the fifteenth century, when its world-famous chief, Hiawatha, framed that wonderful confederacy, that invincible constitution known as the Iroquois League, and the descendants of the "fifty noble chiefs" who were his compeers at that time, are counted among not only the Onondagas but among the remnants of all the five great nations living to-day in peace and comparative plenty along the beautiful shores of the Grand River.

It is to the pagans particularly that one's heart goes out in admiration, respect and affection. The Mohawks, despite all their ancient records of war and blood and revenge, that struck terror into the hearts of settlers, and less blood-thirsty tribes, have been more ready to adopt the white man's God-worship than have these haughty, doctrinal Onondagas. The Mohawks were Christians more than a century ago, but last January the Onondagas performed as zealously as ever that highest rite of their old-time faith, the solemn sacrifice of the Burning of the White Dog. I doubt if in all America there is a more simple, yet imposing and sacred sight, than this annual ceremony. This is no harrowing heathen formula to appease an angry deity. The God of the Onondagas is "the Great Spirit," who nurses his people in the hollow of his hand, and to whom they offer sacrifice as a tribute, not as a mediation.

With marvelous beauty of belief, they congregate at their place of worship, the "Long House," to dance, sing and chant their praises and supplications upon every important occasion in their simple lives. At seed-time the blessings of the Great Spirit must be invoked to promote a rapid and successful yield of corn; at strawberry season their thanks must be offered for the wild, red fruit that is such an evidence of the all-caring Good One; at black-berry time this thanksgiving must be repeated; at harvest time days and days must be spent at the Thanksgiving Dance, and feasts must be held and the Giver of all Good glorified in these crude manners of adoration; and then in midwinter (the exact time is always decided by certain relations to the moon) the great sacrificial rite is performed. The officiator bears but little similitude to anything like a High Priest; I have never heard of anything resembling either hereditary or conferred priesthood among the Iroquois, but he must be a scion of the very venerable house wherein runs the hereditary chieftainship, and whose ancestors have for centuries been the Fire Keepers of the Council, himself the Fire Keeper or the keeper presumptive. This family has without doubt the bluest blood in their veins that America boasts. This is no imported nobility but a native American aristocracy that counted itself ancient at Hiawatha's time, and the same birthright that gives them the title of Fire Keeper gives also the right to officiate at the White Dog Sacrifice.

There is an unwritten, but not unchronicled, ritual in everything pertaining to their religion, counseling the healing arts wherever an Indian is concerned, and the conservative ceremonials in connection with the White Dog Sacrifice would fill a book. The people dance and make speeches for days and nights beforehand. Each clan or *gens* has its appointed place in the Long House, its appointed precedence, and time, and occupation, and none but the Fire Keeper and his male relatives may touch the offering, which must be a dog, spotless, and absolutely without blemish. If none such can be obtained, no sacrifice is burnt that year, but they are generally reserved for the purpose in that section of the reserve.

The animal is always strangled in solitude, and no blood must be shed. It is then decorated with ribbons, strings of wampum, and brilliant dyes. Its forefeet are fastened together with ribbons, which are looped in similar fashion around the hind feet, the ribbon slung over the chief's shoulder, and the animal carried thus, warm with recent life, into the Long House, where, to the jingle of turtle shell, rattles the beat of the strange, wild drum, never heard except among the Redmen. The procession moves slowly, with odd, irregular step, round and round the old log building, the head chief leading; the officiator next, and after him the lesser participants. It is a weird sound; the monotonous shuffle of dancing feet, the rattle of beads and anklets and bracelets, the occasional click of a knife or



tomahawk against the silver of brooches decorating the fantastic costumes, and the eerie, uncanny drum-beats, drowned at times by the wild, hollow chant sung by the men with painted faces and turtle rattles.

And after a time the procession files outside, where a log fire is blazing. The animal is held for a few seconds in the hands of the Fire-Keeper, who, while he repeats in a high-pitched voice, and hollow, Indianlike tone (no other phrase can express the sound), the formula of this time-honored ritual, drops the lifeless dog into the coals, with three indescribable calls, sprinkling upon the burning offering an incense contained in a little bark basket, which must also be burned that nothing sacred may be carried away.

The blue smoke curls upwards, carrying, they say, all their prayers, all their thanksgivings on its rolling, billowy clouds. I know of nothing lovelier, nothing purer, ay, nothing grander than to watch that azure smoke ascend until it mingles with the far-off clouds; ascend, laden with the trustful prayers. The childlike faith of this handful of a once mighty race ascends until it sweeps beyond the stars to the far, far Happy Hunting Grounds, and I doubt not unburdens its message at the feet of the everlasting Manitou who lights his peace pipe evermore between his lodge and his faithful children, congregated to do him honor in some far-off Pagan settlement, in the heart of the Grand River Reserve.

And this is but a passing glimpse at one tribe of that most conservative people living—the Iroquois. Reform is an unknown thing where a nation is steeped in romance of legend and lineage, and where the old time customs and folk lore are adhered to with the pertinacity of the Redman. There are few races that will not cling to their arts and politics as jealously as to their religion, and this very tenacity is the one distinguishable characteristic that cements individuals into a nation. There is little left wherewith to gauge the possibilities to which a people may attain by means of educational advancement, when they are shorn beforehand of all that is best in their mental and moral condition, and this is almost the first step that most individuals wish to take when working to civilize what they are pleased to call the savage. They strip the tree of all its beauty of foliage, they would not have one little leaf of inborn superstition or destructive nationality left if it were possible to destroy such; then they take the bare unlovely

trunk, transplant it into artificial soil, and marvel that it thrives not. The people who do this always conclude their efforts by saying resignedly that nothing can be "made" out of the Redman. Strip the Indian nation of its hereditary, its romance, its legendary lore, its faith, and indeed all its mental and sentimental acquirements, and what is there left of man and manhood to work upon? The mere physical humanity of restless nomads, whose lives and modes of living there differ too widely from the majority of human kind to excite even the simplest fellow feeling that ought to exist between man and man.

Much has been said and written in the present day about civilizing the Indians of North America, but it has mainly been theoretical matter from pens wet in political ink, or from the lips of would-be philanthropists who endeavor to revolutionize Indians, emigrants and Esquimaux all on the same plan. The real enthusiast, the genuine Indianologist says: "Leave the Redman as he is mentally and morally. In such respects he is equal to his pale brethren. Leave him at least 'the ashes of his fathers, the temple of his gods,' but don't leave him to starvation—physical care is the first step on the road that leads to Indian citizenship. He is no better, no stronger than his fellow kind."

A starving man is necessarily a degraded man; hunger will slay principle and virtue more effectually than anything else in the world, and one grows very indifferent to honor and nobility when absolute starvation gnaws out his body and he sees the food he rightfully owns being swallowed by another, who like the man in Holy Writ possessed flocks of his own but took his poor neighbor's one ewe lamb and served it for his guest.

One has but to look into the beauties of the Pagan faith, Pagan honor and Pagan poetry to realize the boundless possibilities to which the Redman may gravitate if he is once placed upon the right road that leads to high civilization.

## To Fix the Fact.

Obadiah—An' you doan' b'lieve in evahlastin', Cephas?  
Cephas—I kain't, deacon; fur hit's got no be-ginnin' an' no endin'.  
Obadiah—Heab, boy! When you git to be fool man, an' git married, an' you take yo' wife to see a neighbah, an' de two women comes to part an' to say good night on de front stoop whilst you stan' stompin' yo' feet to keep 'em wawm, ef you doan' begin fur to b'lieve in etehnlty you mus' be a jilot.

## Co-operative Nursing.



Spokesman of the Class—Please, Mrs. Jones; if you will come back to Sunday school we've agreed to take turns taking care of your baby.



## AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR

By LOUIS HARMAN PEET.

In the row of time-worn dormitories stretching their lengthened shadows across the cool, green turf, most of the vine-clustered windows had been closed. A few forms strayed mournfully about the campus, and occasionally a porter wheeling a trunk passed beneath the trees. A cab stood before a dormitory entry. Some bags were hastily thrown in and a young man reached his hand from within the vehicle to a fellow collegian who remained standing on the entry steps.

"Good-bye, Tyler," he said; "you must be about the last left, now?"

"Yes," said the other with a laugh. "But I flutter away to-morrow. Good-bye, Lloyd."

We shall look for you in August.

The young men shook hands, and the cab, trailing a low, yellow wake of dust, vanished beneath the over-arching trees.

There was no better known man in college than Goddard Lloyd. His rooms were the acknowledged sanctuaries whence issued styles and opinions that, by the college world, were regarded as *ex cathedra*. From the day he entered the university to the day he graduated he had been a leader. On field days at the athletic grounds, his coach, crowned with the most exclusive set, drew a focus the flashings of the restless *torment* and aroused ripples of low-voiced comments. Sometimes he took a more active interest than that of spectator. On one occasion a charitable home needed a round sum for a troublesome mortgage. At a cotillion he led one of the college partner, a co-worker in the house, spoke in a casual way of its portending difficulties. Lloyd listened with apparent indifference, but the next day he gathered a committee together and organized a plan for a benefit. The following week an entertainment—a thoroughly college affair—was given in the gymnasium and the sum was raised. As he stood at the entrance taking the tickets himself a group of small boys came scampering up the stairs, their imaginations all on fire to witness the prowess of the "students," as they called them. When they reached the rail they stopped and looked anxiously at one of their number, who had evidently been chosen treasurer for the party. The young treasurer, with an air of responsibility, put his hand in his fat little knee-breeches pockets. A sudden look of consternation wrinkled his chubby features.

"Fellers, I've lost 'em," he piped.

"Lost what?" asked Lloyd, a smile just showing beneath his yellow mustache; an amused twinkle shone in his blue eyes as he surveyed the startled band.

"The tickets!" gasped the little fellow, in tones that showed the approach of tears.

"How many are there?" asked Lloyd.

"Fifteen!" said the little treasurer hesitatingly, looking around upon his companions gathered in an anxious knot about him.

"All right," laughed Lloyd. "Here," he added, placing the little treasurer in front, "get into line boys and pass through."

As they trooped by he turned and calling across to Heyward Evans in the opposite box he said:

"This is on me."

When Lloyd went on the staff of the *Undergraduate* his career was watched with interest. But none expected the thunderbolts that for a series of weeks leaped from the pamphlet's editorial columns, attacking with dignity, but with vigor, the position the faculty had taken regarding certain religious duties.

It was society, however, that regarded Lloyd as special favorite. He was an entertaining guest and a faultless dancer. Every hostess felt a sense of security against dullness when she heard the sonorous tones of his voice in pleasing strain.

But when Mead Hall was resounding with the merriment of banquets, it was Lloyd's after dinner speech that was brightest. His satire was keenest, his pathos deepest. And when the days came when the college halls into the world, it was with a sense of pride every classmate recalled his farewell address at the class supper. His words were few that June night, but they were telling. The tables rang with the clink of glasses when he rose to the toast, but as the sounds died and his words broke on the quiet, there was something in his tone that told every man that satire and jollity and quips were far away from the speaker at that moment. As he went on, his words fell with a noble tenderness and a direct manliness that held the boisterous and strong spell-bound; and when he closed, a hush that no one cared to break rested about the tables, telling of still thoughts, of brooding sentiments, of quiet self-communings.

The white columns of the Tyler mansion were flecked with a shifting lacework of light and shade as the August moonlight fell upon them through the tall caspings that for decades had shaded the old colonial porch. Tiny Chinese lanterns twinkled about the grounds; carriage after carriage wheeled through the stone gateposts up the gravelled driveway to a gaily striped awning spread beneath the portico. Dainty white slippers tripped lightly from the coaches' steps; flimsy summer gowns rustled up the canvas archedway; the fragrance of flowers, the odors of scented stuffs hung in the broad hall; masses of green, dashed here and there with white and red roses, banked the square stairway, and from unseen recesses floated the soft music of mandolins.

"Mr. Lloyd was your brother's classmate, was he not?" asked Miss Worth, as she leaned forward to the mirror and fastened securely to her corsage a bunch of white roses.

"Yes. I hope you will find him an entertaining partner in leading to-night. He has, I believe, quite a record," said Miss Tyler, who sat leisurely buttoning her gloves.

"I understand he is coming to New York this winter."

"Why, no," said Miss Tyler, looking up. "Haven't you heard? This is it with us, he says, is his farewell appearance."

"I had not heard that. Where is he going—to Philadelphia?"

"No; out West somewhere, on a newspaper. He intends to be a journalist, I believe," replied Miss Tyler.

"That will be sad news to the Graylings. He was to be their guest, if he came to New York, and I know they quite counted upon the pleasure. Mr. Lloyd is such a social success it seems really sad to think of it."

"Perhaps," said Miss Tyler, glancing up with a smile as she laid the glove buttoner upon the bureau, "you can induce him to change his plans during the short weeks you are with us. Come," she added, rising; "I think it is time to go down."

Ere long the cotillion, with all its brilliance, was over. The last lingering guest had departed, the last wheel had grated on the gravelled driveway; a silence had fallen upon the gray old mansion. But a single light shone from its windows. It came from the billiard-room, where a few young men hovered about an open box of cigars and some cut-glass decanters. At last, with a sudden pushing back of chairs, they, too, arose and passed through the quiet halls to seek retirement. As they reached the broad central staircase one of the party stopped, hesitated a moment, then turned about and started back in the darkness.

"What's the matter, Lloyd?" asked Tyler, looking back from the balustrade.

"Oh, nothing. I just remembered something I left in the ball room."

"Better leave it till morning," suggested Tyler; and they passed on up the stairs. But Lloyd made his way to the ball-room. As he passed down the broad hall, scarcely a sound broke the silence save the rhythmic beat of the old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, and the distant sounds of the party upstairs retiring.

retiring. Drawing aside the silken portiere, he stepped upon the polished floor of the deserted ball-room. What a contrast it presented! The lights were out, but through the long windows at the further end the moonlight spread rectangles of silver upon the polished floor. By the soft reflection he could dimly see the chairs ranged in silent row about the edges of the room, the sombre Parian upon the wall, the sparkle of the crystal pendants on the chandeliers.

He made his way to the chair in which Miss Worth had sat in the cotillion, and felt about it. After searching for some time, he found in the mirrored moonlight near the window a single white rose, a little crushed but still fragrant. He leaned gently against the window and looked out. The still trees were sleeping in the moonbeams. Then he stood gazing at the flower.

The editorial rooms of the *Hurlton Tornado* were humming with the accumulated activity that in every newspaper's quarters characterizes the few hours just before "going to press." All the energies throughout the large news factory were whirling at the acme tension. Clustered about the night editor, at desks strayed with manuscript and radiant from the glare of the electric light that swung above, copy-readers, with brisk blue pencils, were skillfully severing the links of cunningly woven padding. Just beyond, restless reporters, with half-smoked cigars slanting from their clenched lips, were sputtering pens in a noisy race for "space." Men with shirt-sleeves rolled up and vests unbuttoned were bending in earnest search over files of rustling newspapers; bells were ringing and doors were slamming; messenger-boys were scampering for a mention at the little glazed window in the barricading partition, while office-boys, with handfuls of proofs, were hurrying from room to room. All was seeming confusion, yet the whole movement went on without the slightest interruption to the accomplishment of its sure results.

"You are filling up pretty fast, Cotter," said the managing editor, as he paused at the "night desk," and surveyed the schedule of estimated space already sent up to the composing-rooms. "Keep things right down to hard pan," he continued, rubbing his shirt-sleeve with one hand as he studied the calculations. "Here," he added, as he finished and laid the schedule down, extracting a strip from the proofs in his hand, "better put a double lead on this 'Disappearance' and run the resolutions in that earthquake meeting in agate."

"Hear anything from Lloyd yet?" asked the night editor, as he received the proofs into his hand. The managing editor had started to walk his private office across the room, but at the question turned rapidly on his heel and came back.

"No," he said, shortly; "and, to tell the truth, Cotter, I'm a little anxious. It's getting late. We can't get a word through to the Head. Something seems to be the matter with the wire up there. I can't understand it."

As he finished, an office boy from the telegraph-room came up with a despatch and handed it to him. The managing editor grasped it quickly, glanced at its brief intelligence and faced the night editor.

"Guthrie," he said, "send in that there's a fire lighting the heavens in the direction of the Head. I suppose that's what's raising the devil with the wires. Well, we must trust to Lloyd. It is the most important 'story,' by long odds, that we shall have, and depend upon it, if there's a possible way to get the stuff in, Lloyd is going to do it. So we shall hold the forms open up to the last moment."

He turned sharply, and the night editor took up a fresh batch of "copy."

"Where is Lloyd?" asked the assistant night editor, who sat on the other side of the desk "whipping" matter into shape.

"Covering a mine explosion at Indian Head," replied the night editor, as he seized his blue pencil through half a page introduction in the story before him. "We had special word of it and the chances are it may be exclusive."

"Indian Head? That's the gorge up beyond the timber belt from Guthrie, isn't it?" went on the assistant as he sliced a piece of manuscript with the shears.

"Yes; Guthrie is at the junction on the main line, and a branch runs from it through the belt and the gorge to the mine at the Head."

"I know the place. It's a ticklish jaunt in the night from the mine down to the station in the gorge."

The night editor nodded, scribbled a two-stick entry on the schedule and glanced at the clock.

"It's getting late," he muttered.

The two men sat talking together on the platform of the rail station at Indian Head. Against the surrounding darkness their features, lit by the red lantern at their feet, stood out in crimson blue-relief. On the track beside the station several freight cars were waiting to be coupled to an engine that stood a few feet ahead panting leisurely.

"It's getting brighter, Bill," said one, extending his horny forefinger toward the top of the gorge. The other glanced up to the dark, timbered masses fringing the cliffs that rose on either side. The feathery cones were tinted with a faint glow that edged the sky in pinkish notches.

"The gang needs the stuff," went on the first, contentedly, "but 'tain't no use tryin' to push through that."

A quick step suddenly sounded behind. Both men turned sharply.

"Where's the telegraph here?" exclaimed a young man, striding out of the darkness. "Whaddya're waitin' on?" growled one of the men, with a keen look at the new-comer. "Oh!" he added, with a nod of recognition; "it's the noospaper chap. Sorry, mister, but the wires is cleaned out. Guess you'll have ter hang onto yer noos ter night. How's the gang up ter the Head? Hyar's the supply train all straight, waitin' ter go, but the fire outside's too 'er'y."

"It grows worse every moment at the Head," said Lloyd, taking in the surroundings with a quick glance of his keen, bright eyes. Then he turned them full upon the men with a searching look, as he noted the train. "The doctors are hard pressed, and say they despatched a supply train for assistance. You say this is it?" pointing to the cars. "Well, what are you waiting for at a time like this? And the wires? Cleaned out? Fire outside? What do you mean?"

"The timber fire that started las' night 't'other side o' yonder," said the man who held the lantern, slowly pointing to the massive cliffs that walled the gorge on the left, "has got clear 'round an' ar' cuttin' a swath 'cross the track half-way 'twixt hyar an' Guthrie. See that? Ye kin see the glow on the tree-tops. That's why we're waitin'."

"How wide is it?"

"We seed it comin' up on the train ter night an' made out as it was 'bout er quart'r mile then."

"Did it seem near?"

"No. But timber fires kinder hustle when they git started."

Lloyd folded his arms and looked thoughtfully down the gorge. On either side the solid rock rose in mighty walls, which sloped gradually to the mouth beyond. Between their sheer rifts, the track, lit for a short distance by the headlight of the engine, shot its rails into wooded darkness. A few telegraph poles swung tipsily along the rough embankment, and as Lloyd's eye fell upon them, his fingers tightened convulsively,

and beneath his coat he felt the "copy" of his "story."

"If only it were up there, flashing straight into the office!" he thought. And he could almost see the night-editor looking nervously at the little brass clock on his desk.

With a sudden movement, he turned to the men.

"You two are the engineer and fireman of the supply train, aren't you?"

"Sorter," said the men, looking up in a surprised way.

"Well, see here!" said Lloyd quickly. "They need aid at the mine. You were sent to get it. I must get to Guthrie, to telegraph my stuff in. 'Tis your duty and mine to push through if we can. Here is the engine waiting. Let us drive ahead. We haven't a minute to lose."

The two men stood aghast.

"Why, man, ye're crazy! Have ye ever seed a timber fire?"

"This is no time to get frightened," said Lloyd, in a firm, stern voice. "For all that you know, the worst of it has passed the tracks. See! The glow is fainter on the trees. The run through the belt is a short one. You passed it safely enough but a short time ago. Come, don't waste time. There is life ebbing away up there at the mine for lack of assistance. Every hour brings to light mangled and bleeding sufferers, waiting, dying for the need of the things this train was sent to get, and here you are, afraid to move, because of a fire whose size or direction you have but guessed. Come, try it, and if we find it too heavy, why, then turn back. At least make the effort. What do you say?"

The men glanced up at the line of pink on the trees and steadily measured the faint effort of the engine. They looked long and earnestly. At last they turned and slowly shook their heads. With a decisive step, Lloyd brushed past them to the engine.

"Hyar! What ye doin'?" said the men, starting forward.

Without waiting to answer, Lloyd seized the brass hand-rod and swung himself into the cab. With a quick shove he drove the lever over, and drew the throttle. There was a hissing of steam from the cylinder, and the great mass began to move. Behind, Lloyd heard cries, mingled with the shrieking of the engine, as the fireman and engineer leave the red lantern and rush toward him with wild gestures. He caught up a shovel that lay on the coal in the tender, and sprang to the cab entrance.

The man that tries to board this engine will wish he hadn't," said a lifting of the whistle. The two men copped about, looked up at his determined attitude, and fell back. Lloyd tossed the shovel back into the tender, and grasping the throttle, increased the speed. As he did so, he gave a short glance at the clock above the steam-gauge.

"No time to lose now!" he said.

Down the golden pathway which the advancing headlight streamed before him, past rocks that swirled by in rushing currents, past rocks that sprang from out the darkness, blazed for an instant and sprang back into it again, following by the turning of the wheels of the cliffs, Lloyd plunged through the gorge.

He leaned from the cab-window, his hair fluttering in the cool night wind, and caught the heavy, fragrant smells of the forest, instinctively he recalled the nights when camping out on vacations he used to ride up on lumbering engines with old Kit Miller from the village where he got provisions, to the solitary little signal station by the lake where the tent was pitched; and as he tried the wheels of the water-cocks to ascertain the condition of the boiler, he could almost hear, as he saw the reassuring sparks that hissed forth, the old veran engineer mutter his oft-repeated warning:

"When yer don't git to sizzle ye jest want ter look sharp yer kerrierick!"

His frame shook with the tremble of the cab; beneath his feet the floor quivered and shot from side to side with a hard, jarring swing that wrenched his muscles. Through the windows, over the long, black outline of the swaying boiler, the rails raced before the headlight. Mile after mile sped by, and he scanned the trees closely on either side, but could see no indication of a fire. He began to think the men that wrenched his muscles, and as he remembered their delay, the mine rose before him, with its dead and dying, with its little band of surgeons laboring with splint and bandage to the full might of their energies. Early in the night they had ordered off the engine he was now riding, and he had the hard-fact face of dead, and he thought, had the hard-fact face of dead, at the station dose as they should, the aid so dearly needed would by this time have been here.

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**BEST REMEDY FOR PAIN**



## Music.



ILATORINESS is a characteristic of fashionable audiences in Toronto, and exhibited itself in all its offensiveness at the Paderewski concert. The beginning of the programme was delayed until 8:30, and through no fault of Messrs. Suckling & Sons. It was simply impossible to commence the concert with empty benches, while it was known that a thousand and a half of people had paid for their seats and would be there eventually. I have said that it was simply impossible, but should rather have used the term practically impossible, as to have gone on with the evening's appointments would have meant an intolerable tumult while Paderewski was playing, or else the exclusion of hundreds of people, waiting in a cold vestibule. Yet how salutary a lesson would be taught if the managers of two or three first-class entertainments had the courage to close the doors at eight o'clock and open them only between numbers. A few such lessons would establish a rule that our concert-goers would be quick to observe and respect.

Paderewski, with his tawny mane, deep-set gray eyes and thoughtful, sensitive face, is a personality that it is difficult to forget when once seen, and one that has played sad havoc with female hearts in two continents. Yet, as a matter of fact, his appearance is forgotten when he begins to play. His tone is rich and sensuous and never loses its distinctive characteristics, no matter whether he plays piano or forte. Once heard, musicians and music-students can never forget it and will always recognize it, no matter what he may be playing. His technique is simply marvelous; it is fluent, facile, even and easy. His position at the piano is steady and entirely free from any vulgar attempts at emotional or acrobatic display. His reading of his pieces is essentially individualistic, and free from the trammels of conventionality, many traditional interpretations being disregarded. Grace and delicacy, tenderness and feeling, power and dignity, are all blended in the most charming manner. Yet this very freedom and independence of conception cause many to shake their heads when they hear him play Beethoven. The great master is so pure and classic that the super-emotional—might I almost say fantastic—is felt by many to be a desecration, and is resented accordingly. Yet, however much the pianist may condemn, or at least regret, Paderewski's reading of the Waldstein sonata, all who heard it on Friday night admired its poetry and sentiment. As a Chopin player he shines with extraordinary light. Ease and refinement go hand in hand with beautifully adjusted time and tone intonations. Altogether his visit was an event of the greatest importance to the musical atmosphere of the city, and will cause many of our young students to do some hard thinking, some critical introspection, and some humble setting to work to realize the greatness of their art—at least I hope so.

METRONOME.

## The Genuine Friendships of Life.

To be rich in friends is to be poor in nothing. It is to possess that infinite reservoir of what may be, for want of a better term, denominated interest in life, in that it predetermines success in whatever line of achievement one may choose to work. A range of warm and strong friendships creates the magnetic atmosphere that vitalizes every element within its influence, so that it is not that social enjoyments and companionships are in any sense interruptions to specific work, however important, but that they yield instead the very elements out of which it is best created. The genuine friendships of life are largely discovered, not acquired. We find them rather than make. They are predestined relationships, and are recognized intuitively. "We meet—at least those who are true to their instincts meet—a succession of persons through our lives, all of whom have some peculiar errand to us," writes Margaret Fuller. "There is an outer circle whose existence we perceive, but with whom we stand in no real relation. They tell us the news, they act on us in the offices of society, they show us kindness and aversion; but their influence does not penetrate; we are nothing to them, or they to us, except as a part of the world's furniture. Another circle within this is dear and near to us. We know them and of what kind they are. They are not to us mere facts, but intelligible thoughts of the divine mind. We like to see how they are unfolded; we like to meet them and part with them; we like their action upon us, and the pause that succeeds and enables us to appreciate its quality. Often we leave them on our path and return no more, but we bear them in our memory as tales which have been told, and whose meaning has been felt. But yet a nearer group there are, beings born under the same star, and bound with us in a common destiny. They are not mere acquaintances, mere friends, but when we meet are sharers of our very existence. There is no separation; the same thought is given at the same moment to both; indeed, it is born of the meeting, and would not otherwise have been called into existence at all. These not only know themselves more, but are more for having met, and regions of their beings which would else have lain sealed in cold obstruction burst into leaf and bloom, and song. The times of these meetings are fated," she goes on to say, "nor will either one be able ever to meet any other person in the same way." It is one of the paths to success and happiness in life, or rather, it is success and happiness in itself, to be swiftly responsive to impressions of this character, to recognize the angel when he draws near.

Dickens touched the deeper truth in this relation when he wrote that the people who have to do with us, and we with them, are drawing near; that our paths, from whatever distant quarters of the globe they start, are converging; and that all that is set for them to do for us, and for us to do for them, will all be done.

How Johnny Chopped Mince Meat AND READ A DIME NOVEL AT THE SAME TIME—AND HOW IT WASN'T A BRILLIANT SUCCESS.



"The infuriated maniac—"



—seized Daredevil Dick with superhuman strength.



—Together they struggled nearer and nearer the brink.



—until with a shriek he forced our hero over the precipice—



—and in deadly embrace they fell—down—down—down— "Why, Johnny!"

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"I wish you would acquire the liquor habit, for I want you to make a personal test of one of the new specifics for drunkenness and write it up in good style."

## Money in His Pocket.

Blenstein (meeting his son as he returns from Europe)—Ikey, I was sorry dot ship vos delayed by shtrums.

Ikey—Fader, don't mention it. I got four days' board fur nuttings.

## In Chicago.

Mrs. Porkchops—Arthur, I received another note from our eastern relatives just begging us to pay them a visit. What can it all mean? They never noticed us before.

Mr. Porkchops—They must intend coming to the World's Fair, and they think we believe in reciprocity.

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## Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

day evening, and assembled at their home to tender congratulations to the clever young artist, on his thirtieth anniversary. A very bright evening was spent in conversation, and Mr. Ahrens' promising picture, now in progress to completion, was criticized and admired. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Hynds, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Baumann, Mrs. Donison, Miss MacLean, Miss Maud Carter, Messrs. Smythe, Charlesworth, Rolph, Sam Jones, Biehn, Carter, Wilkinson, Stone and others.

Mrs. Dickson's reception last Saturday, for the Wednesday Musical Club, was a most enjoyable affair. A large number of ladies attended, and the spacious and comfortable residence of the principal, as well as the whole building of Upper Canada College, provoked many admiring remarks. Miss Alice Cummings of Hamilton played a beautiful selection; Miss Bousell and others sang and played an informal programme, and Mrs. Dickson's well known cordially diffused itself through the whole party.

Mrs. Edward Fisher of Wilton Crescent gave a tea on Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Saul Howe.

Appreciative folk, who are tired of the soda water productions of the past few weeks at the theaters, enjoyed the powerful acting of R. D. MacLean, who played at the Academy this week. It came like a glass of good wine, after the aforesaid light refreshments. On Wednesday evening I noticed in the boxes, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick and in the stalls a fair assembly of smart people.

Mrs. E. W. Cox of Isabella street gave a very smart lunch party on Friday of last week. The menu and table decorations were unusually recherche. Some of Mrs. Cox's guests were: Mrs. G. H. Gooderham, Miss Rose, Mrs. C. Brown, Mrs. Fred Cox, Mrs. Warwick, the Misses Duggan, Jacobi and Dixon.

Mrs. B. Kelly of Smith's Falls is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. Lattimer Kerr of Jarvis street.

Miss Annie Parker, daughter of ex-Mayor Parker of Woodstock, was the guest this week of Miss McMahon.

Miss Phemie Smith has returned from a charming visit to Montreal.

Mrs. Johnson of Bloor street east gave a lovely young people's party last Saturday from 4 to 11 o'clock.

Mrs. Cleverly of London, Eng., is visiting Madame Boscovitz of 25 Oxford street.

Mrs. E. Strachan Cox gives a young people's party next Saturday from 4 to 11 o'clock. Miss Evelyn Cox, whose grace and gentleness are so well known, will doubtless make a most charming young hostess.

Mr. Jack King is to be entertained this evening to a farewell dinner at McKenry's by a number of his bachelor friends, who will take this means of bestowing their good wishes upon the occasion of Mr. King's approaching marriage. Among the well-wishers are Dr. Fred Capon, Messrs. M. J. Taylor, R. Witterson, George Rose, McIntyre, Cherry and others.

Miss Howe is the guest of Mrs. Edward Fisher during her stay in Toronto.

Mrs. Ross Robertson gives a tea on Thursday next.

An organ recital and concert was given in Broadway tabernacle on Thursday, February 11, by the pupils of Miss Norma Reynolds and Messrs. Donville and Torrington. The violin playing of Mr. Wellsman, Mr. Donville's leading pupil, was particularly fine. The concert was directed by Prof. Torrington.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Bingham entertained about sixty friends at their residence, corner of Bloor street and Spadina avenue, on Thursday last.

A very great success was the result of the Harmony Club's efforts to present the pretty opera of the Beggar Student, the latter part of last week. The Opera House was filled with an interested and appreciative audience, and everything went off in the most satisfactory manner. Miss Minnie Gaylord's singing and acting were most sweet and artistic. The violin playing of Mr. Wellsman, Mr. Donville's leading pupil, was particularly fine. The concert was directed by Prof. Torrington.

Mrs. Aylmer, a lady who has been for some months a resident of Toronto, has attracted the attention and admiration of all lovers of skating by her extreme proficiency and grace in that pastime. Skating is brought to great perfection in Halifax, which was Mrs. Aylmer's home until recently, and I welcome her to To-

ronto as an able exponent of what pretty things may be done on ice.

On Monday week the Grenadiers give the last of their series of dances. Society owes to the gallant redcoats a hearty vote of thanks for their generous and delightful hospitality of the last two seasons, in which they have demonstrated most charmingly that "Peace hath her victories as well as War."

Young people's parties are all the rage this season. These sensible and delightful reunions of the pretty girls and light-footed boys who are not yet "out," have given a great deal of pleasure to the young folk mentioned. A very pleasant affair of this sort was given by Mrs. Ivey of Carlton street on Saturday week.

Cards are out for the At Home of the Toronto Typographical Union next Monday evening, which will be held at Webb's. What printers don't know is not worth knowing, and they have shown their knowledge of how to arrange a very pleasant evening by the programme which has been settled upon for Monday next.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, February 9, a very pretty wedding took place in St. Thomas' Church, Millbrook, the contracting parties being Miss Evelyn Burton, one of Millbrook's social favorites, and Mr. W. A. Smith, barrister of Kingsville. Long before the hour set for the ceremony, those anxious to witness it gathered at the church, the guests being conducted by the ushers, Mr. Taylor Wood and Dr. H. A. Turner, to seats reserved for them by a barrier of white ribbon stretched across the aisle. The approach to the church over which the bride was to pass from the carriage, was carpeted. Shortly before the hour fixed the organ pealed forth, and at the same time the groom accompanied by his brother, Mr. Sydney S. Smith of Portage la Prairie, Man., appeared and took up a position at the chancel steps. Almost immediately a general hum of expectancy announced the approach of the bride, who appeared on the arm of her brother, Mr. Fred G. Burton, and accompanied by the bridesmaids, Miss Howden of Port Hope, Miss Lillian Burton, sister of the bride, and Miss Wood of Millbrook. The bride looked very pretty in a simple gown of white surah silk, and carried a bunch of magnificent white roses. The bridesmaids were prettily attired in costumes of white serge, and carried white hyacinths and lilies. The beautiful marriage service of the Episcopal church was rendered in a most impressive manner by Ven. Archdeacon Allen, assisted by Rev. W. Cartwright Allen, the choir rendering the beautiful hymn, The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden, and appropriate chants. The ceremony over, the bridal party retired to the vestry to sign the register, and shortly afterwards reappeared and proceeded down the aisle to the carriages in waiting, while the organist, Mrs. W. C. Allen, played the enlivening strains of the Wedding March. A reception was afterwards held at the residence of the bride's mother and the happy couple received the congratulations of their friends. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents. The happy couple took the evening train for the east.

On Tuesday evening a party was given by Mrs. A. Wood of Millbrook. The large and spacious rooms were filled by a happy throng of merry dancers. Supper was served about midnight. Among the guests present we noticed the following: Mr. and Mrs. Sanford of Barrie, Mrs. and Miss Howden, and Mr. D. H. Chisholm of Port Hope, Miss Roddick of Cobourg, Mr. Sydney S. Smith of Portage la Prairie, Man. Mr. and Mrs. C. Needler, Misses Burton, Fitzgerald, Booth, Russell, Hunter, Eakins, Vance, Needler, Fair, and Messrs. G. M. Vance, J. A. Vance, Dr. H. A. Turner, Dr. Niddrie, Dr. S. W. Clarke, R. Ruddy, J. A. V. Preston, H. Hunter, H. Johnston, A. T. Elliot and J. Eakins.

On Wednesday evening of last week a most enjoyable progressive euchre party was given at Carnamona, Hazelton avenue, the residence of Mrs. S. Campbell. Mr. W. E. Ramsay, the genial humorist, contributed largely to the evening's pleasure by rendering a number of his popular songs, as did also Miss Baker, elocutionist, who recited a couple of very clever selections.

The Ven. Archdeacon Allen of Peterborough and Mrs. Allen are the guests of Mrs. Norman Allen, 108 Carlton street.

Invitations are out for the entertainment at the School of Science, which was postponed from this week, and will take place on Wednesday, February 24.

The convention and reception last week of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew was a very great success, and the visitors as well as the hosts feel that nothing was left undone to make the occasion memorable. The guest par excellence was Bishop Leonard of Ohio, who made many friends by his bright and genial manner.

In the death of William Hewes Oliphant, which occurred on the 11th inst., Toronto has lost one of her brightest and most promising young doctors. Six weeks ago he contracted a severe attack of la grippe, and came from his sick room to resume professional work too soon. The death of the late Sir Adam Wilson, who was stricken with paralysis in Dr. Oliphant's office, together with his recent illness, had shaken the doctor's nervous system and caused a relapse. For the last two weeks he suffered intensely but retained consciousness up to the last. In the early part of his illness his father, Dr. D. S. Oliphant, attended him, but he became ill and Mrs. Hearn and Howitt took charge. He continued to grow worse, and the Tuesday preceding his death Drs. Strange, Grasset, Aikens and Graham were called in. He seemed to get somewhat better under their treatment, but his system was too far gone to rally and early Thursday morning he began to sink rapidly and died at eleven o'clock. Dr. Oliphant was born in New Orleans, but has lived in Toronto nearly all his life. He belonged to the homoeopathic school and his abilities and services were most highly esteemed. He was M. B. and Licentiate of King's and Queen's Colleges of Physicians of Dublin, Ireland, and was the youngest member ever elected to a seat in the Medical Council of Ontario. The

circle of his acquaintance was large, and his removal will be very deeply regretted by all who knew his sterling qualities of head and heart. The doctor was married but left no children living, and much sympathy is expressed for his widow and parents. The funeral took place from his late residence, 569 Spadina avenue, last Saturday afternoon to St. James' cemetery and was largely attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer will leave Toronto in May for extended travel in England and the Continent.

Mrs. McKinnon, of Montreal, is the guest of Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, who gave a large dinner party last evening in her honor.

Mr. E. Jackson Sanford of Hamilton goes south next week to bring home a bride from the city of Knoxville, Tennessee. I am told the marriage will take place next Thursday. Mr. Sanford Evans of Hamilton and Dr. E. H. Robinson of Toronto accompany Mr. Sanford on this pleasant occasion.

A fine course of French lectures begins next Monday at four o'clock on the famous literary men of France. Eleven lectures are in this course, which, including as it does sketches of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Madame de Stael and many other well known people of genius, cannot but be interesting to the cultured folk of Toronto. The lectures are given in the rooms of the Ingres Coutellerie schools, where full particulars may be obtained.

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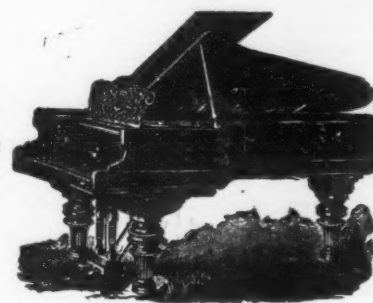
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